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**Tumult and backlash**

Quebec high-school students fought police. Premier René Lévesque declared negotiations war on Ottawa and Claude Ryan sat uneasily in the middle. —Page 20



**A flight of fantasy**

Evelyn Hart's surrealistic tour de force of shape and style in the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's *Firebird* sets a new standard for the often-trifling title role. —Page 67

**COVER**

**The Falklands locked in combat**

The conflict between Argentina and Britain in the South Atlantic entered a new phase last week with fresh hopes of new peace initiatives rising on the heels of grim naval losses. But no matter what the outcome of recent talks, the effect of high-technology weapons in the dispute has already written a new chapter in modern military strategy. —Page 14

COVER: A PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL KATZ



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**A new season of defiance**

Last week's violent demonstrations in support of Solidarity have jolted the military government into recognizing the depth of popular Polish resistance. —Page 22



**Crisis in medicare**

The recent wave of doctor unrest is only the latest signal that medicare is in trouble, suggesting widespread demands, inflation and faltering commitment. —Page 48



## LETTERS

### The economic downturn

In his May 5 Editorial, *A Sensible Prescription for Our Self-Inflicted Economic Wounds*, Peter C. Newman writes, "...the central bank continues to believe as if the enhanced Keynesian theories still applied." Good Gads! But that's like claiming that Ronald Reagan's A-1s in *Harrison* is *crackles* Keynesian. Are you the *central* guy?

—PETER DEMIAN, Toronto

It is only in recent years that the Big Three, spurred by Japanese competition, have introduced light, fuel-efficient, front-wheel-drive cars, which the consumer obviously demands. It is precisely this competition that some people now seek to eliminate. I hope we are not as shortsighted as our forefathers. Trade restrictions bring about inefficiency and stagnation, which eventually causes any economic downturn. Free international trade must abound if we are to ride out this recession.

—ANDREW HENNING, Chesley, Ont.

### Tougher is not better

Your interview with Dr. Georges Scott (*The World Without Peace*, Feb. 14) got my blood boiling. Significantly, that prisoner who is allowed to shoot themselves, that person is a place where offenders "learn to grow up," that a common sentence should be five years and that it is "absolutely irresponsible" that prisoners are over-bested by guards, are preposterous. I pray that this approach does not mislead readers into believing that "tougher" is "better."

—JOHN HYLTON, Nureva

### Choosing to retire?

Just how did you ascertain that Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap was "soured" from the 13-member Vietnamese ruling Politburo Party Politburo (Passages, April 13)? At age 71, after an illustrious "military" career, the military affairs of his country—a country that has defeated and ousted two major military powers—is it not more likely that the gentleman chose to retire?

—CLAUDE CULHAM, North York, B.C.

### Of Anglo guilt and atavism

I found your *Proton* lack of English-Canadian pride to be most intriguing (*A Similar Crack for the Skopje*, May 1). I am a 16-year-old second-generation English Canadian who does not feel guilty, is not unsure about his heritage, and is certainly not sorry for "English aggression," if there is such a thing. English Canadians have contributed more to Canada than has any other group. "Anglo guilt"—how could there be such a thing? —STEPHEN WILLIAMS, Vancouver

I cannot believe anyone could write anything as naive as "poisonous dances, the gleeful, gut-level music of villagers, a fondness for the massive proportions of antique Gothic furniture" referring to French Canadians. What is more, I cannot believe that anyone could publish such material.

—JOHN BELLFANE, Snow Lake, Man.



Keynesians now the good guys

There cheers for Margaret Atwood's *Postcards from My Parents* came in this country as "Home Children," deprived of education, law, by law and have rights. In spite of this they raised eight children, sent five sons to the Second World War and they sold their play and still make in all of us.

—SEVERELY EXAGGERATED, Ottawa

The author is so well-meaning that I am reluctant to say that her generalizations about French Canadians are somewhat. She wrote "French Canadians seem...doomed to find our future with ancient resentances." I should like to reassure her. I, as well as the majority of French Canadians, harbor no "ancient" resentances. We are simply true-blue Canadians. Our love for our country, Canada, is just as deep and enduring as hers is for Britain.

—CÉCILE FONTAINE, Ottawa

### The high cost of diplomacy

In the *World* article *Hong Kong Diplomacy, Short-Form Style* (May 11) you state that the hotel bills alone for Hong Kong's "skatit diplomacy" have amounted to \$6 million. Assuming 30 days when the Puk-lund Islands invasion occurred, this averages to \$60,000 per night. I appreciate the importance of comfort for Hong and its entourage, but this is outrageous!

—JAMES ROYAN, Vancouver

## PASSAGES

### CHICAGO

In World Center overlooking Michigan Avenue and the Chicago River

GLEE, Steel-carved Grand Prix driver Gilles Villeneuve, 30, after a high-speed crash during a practice session for the Belgian Grand Prix. The slight, unpretentious native of Boucherville, Que., never required consciousness after being thrown 30m following a collision with another machine travelling at 300 km/h. Villeneuve, who started his career as a snowmobile racer, had won six of the 77 races he drove for Ferrari in Formula One. Like most drivers, he professed to be unimpressed by the danger of his sport, once telling an actor, "Obviously if you thought about it, you would not drive."

KELLEN Algerian Foreign Minister Mohammed Boudia Benghaly, 56, in a private-plane crash with 13 other passengers and crew members on route to Tehran. Benghaly mediated in the hostage crisis between the United States and Iran and, in February, 1981, formally released the Americans. Iran has issued a statement saying the plane was chased by two Iraqi jet fighters.

FLAMER GAYLORD Stephen Gerald Childs, 22, in the kidnapping of New Brunswick industrialist John Irvine, 56, and to other charges including extortion and armed robbery, in a Saint John, N.B., court. Childs was apprehended less than 30 hours after he abducted Irvine on April 30.

RECORDED the 30th major-league baseball win by Seattle's Ancient Mariner, pitcher Gaylord Perry, 43. The oldest active player in the game, Perry finished the infelicitous in his last season with a 2-5 win over the New York Yankees. Known for throwing the illegal "spitball," Perry admits that without it, "I would have probably been farming 10 years ago."

SENTENCED Chao van Balow, 41, to 30 years in prison for twice attempting to murder his heroin wife, Martha (Gang) van Balow, with insulin injections, by New York, B.I., Superior Court Judge Thomas Mordino. Van Balow, who would be eligible for parole in 10 years, received \$50,000 had pending an appeal. His wife has been in an irreversible coma since Christmas, 1980.

LIBERAL Senator Barry Page, 73, in an Ottawa hospital, following heart surgery. The Calgary businessman and rancher was elected to the House of Commons in 1963 after four years as mayor of Calgary. He was appointed to the Liberal cabinet as agriculture minister by Lester Pearson. He was named to the Senate in 1980.

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## Something for nothing?

Congratulations to Rita Christopher for the award she took in the April 19 *Prison, Time to Dream the Public Proudh*. It is time more people realized that the real beneficiary of most social programs is the growing administrative bureaucracy. Society as a whole must realize that the government can never give it something for nothing. When is the reliance on individual initiative that made North America the great continent it is?

—WAYNE DENIS,  
Big River, Sask.

Socialism, or the social welfare system, destroys initiative, initiative, ambition and personal pride leaving us to sit around with our hands out, saying "please!" Carry on, Rita Christopher. Maybe we'll wake up before it's too late!

—A.W. GALE,  
Mississauga

Watching television shows and talking to undereducated cabbies hardly smacks of responsible reporting. I watched *Our Friend the Atom* by Walt Disney when I was seven years old. May I submit an article on nuclear power?

—MURRAY BOWMAN,  
Saskatoon, Ont.

## Pierre the Lion/Labor the Lamb

It is ironic that the first book held by the newly formed Canadian Federation of Laborers included laborer's criticisms of the bourgeois (Walt Blumenthal and Labor John the PM's Demos), Canada, April 12. I think that your writer is somewhat naïve if she thinks this asso-



Cutting the ties that bind's as thin

ciation is a Trudeau trademark. I will agree that labor and management should be able to work out their problems with their own devices, but the invader of the War Measures Act and wage and price controls is not labor's ally. If you can picture Pierre the Lion lying down with Labor the Lamb, then the next picture will be the Lion leaping. The Lamb will be conspicuously absent.

—WAY MILLER,  
President, Local 670,  
Energy and Chemical Workers Union,  
Sarnia, Ont.

Your reporter referred to Trudeau's appeal to the Canadian Federation of Laborers for help in solving our economic woes as a "cynopic invitation." It is obvious that Trudeau was referring to reduced wage demands as a method of lowering inflation. How can he be so naïve? A government whose fiscal and monetary policies have been the single most important contributor to inflation has no right to go to organized labor and request that it accept lower real wages.

—DAVID KAZDAN,  
West Vancouver

## Assuring lawyers' prosperity

Thanks to Barbara Arzoo for expressing so well some things that needed to be said and the shoddy sleazy the *Qualifications* (Papers in the Chain of Freedom, Column, April 26). On the other hand, it has been disconcerting to find Mulroney's juncing with teen and pictures in the up-the-swinging and deflation underwritten at tremendous waste of the taxpayers' money by the federal government. The allegedly weekend powers now exercised were clearly stated in the Statute of Westminster (1924), which made legally effective the statements expressed with clarity and economy of words in the Imperial Conference Declaration of 1926 and 1930.

Moreover, the Charter of Rights has been so sloppily drafted, in such a plethora of words, that the prosperity of the legal profession for the next half-century is assured.

—HAROLD WILLS,  
Toronto

## The most important thinker

One can never know for sure about someone in one's own midst, but I believe that Northrop Frye is not only the greatest and most important Canadian mind, in terms of work done, ever, but he is surely also one of the greatest minds of the 20th century (The Gospel According to John, Cover). Frye has even more influence ahead of him than he has had to date. You did yourself proud and your readers a favor on April 6.

—WILLIAM MACDONALD,  
Toronto

## A stylish end to colonialism

I am sympathetic with most of Allan Fotheringham's alterations, and not least with those in the April 15 column, *The Sound of One Hand Clapping*. His wry comment on the various aspects of the final winding down of the curtain on the British Raj in Canada and the end of colonialism and all its trappings (in its glory &c.) is most readily appreciated. However, I think it must be said that this process had to be seen to be done in that atmosphere and style, otherwise the Queen's visit for the very purpose would have had no point. Perhaps we have just witnessed one of the last events of age color and pageantry that we are likely to see for some time.

—R.W. ARMSTRONG, JR.,  
Castle Hill, Rochester,  
Aust. English

## The Israeli-Palestinian dilemma

Having no personal Middle East axe to grind, I was still offended by your latest coverage of the Israeli-Palestinian dilemma (The Struggle for the Holy Land, Cover, April 13). Michael Posner's article was rife with Israeli bias. He seems to have spent most of his time speaking with Israeli propagandists and poets and very little with the Palestinians.

—EMMA SHAWHAN,  
Halifax

The flight of West Bank's ex-Gaza Strip Arabs is well documented, but never, ever, in any mention made of the flight of Jews to any Arab country since 1948.

—BELL GENTILELLI,  
Burlington, B.C.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and daytime phone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, *Maclean's*, magazine, 141 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5H 1A7.

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# New wrinkle in the war of words

By Julian Porter

The creators of our new Charter of Rights may feel satisfied with the final product, but the new bill may create as many ripples for the press to take a broad, nasty run at our politicians. Some critics say the charter will change everything, while others say it will be meaningless, but it does have one important theme that may well open the floodgates to change. The fundamental freedoms section (B) states that everyone is entitled to "freedom of thought, belief, opinion and expression, including freedom of the press and other media communication." In fact, the courts could rule that the "freedom of the press" expression means a lot more freedom than what we've been used to.

What might all this new freedom mean? Is the current law of libel and slander a person is entitled to sue for damages if nasty things said about him cannot be proven to be true. Until now I could say nasty things about a public official and hope to get away with it under a defence known as "fair comment." A *Globe and Mail* columnist might have said, "Machete King could shed crystal balls, ladies of the night, his dog, his mother, and, in my opinion, his conduct was disgraceful." If, in a court, could prove the crystal balls, etc., then the law would say that the comment, although libellous, should be allowed because it related to fact.

Until now, successful defences to libel suits have depended, in a considerable degree, on witnesses being willing to step into court, be believed, and establish a layer of truth fact. Since libel suits are disastrous to most people, witnesses who will testify to some distasteful libel are rare. Let's say I represent someone who is being sued for libel by politician Jones because Smith reported that he was a crook. One day, a possible witness tells me in conversation that "Jones was a crook, and I'll testify he is on a stack of Bibles." But, as frequently happens, when I call him the next morning he has cold feet, has no recollection of his previous statement, and thus the end of my defence for Smith. Rumor isn't good enough according to existing law. The fact that a lot of people say a certain politician is a crook doesn't help a newspaper much in a libel action (although if he is a complete boob, and everyone says he is a poor reputation for honesty, a jury may give him only a dollar in damages).

This used to be the case in the United States too. But a situation that developed in the early '60s changed all this south of the border, and there's a very good chance that, because of the wording of our new charter, Canadian libel law will also be affected.

In 1960, *The New York Times* published a full-page spread for funds by the Committee to Defend Martin Luther King and the Struggle for Freedom in the South. In part, it read, "As the whole world knows by now, thousands of Southern Negro students are engaged in widespread nonviolent demonstrations in pursuit of a affirmation of the right to live in human dignity as guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights."

In Montgomery, Alabama, after students sang *My Country, 'Tis of Thee* on the state capital steps, their leaders were expelled from school, and truckloads of police armed with shot-

***'Will politics attract only the thick-skinned if blistering libellous attacks on candidates are allowed?'***

guns and tear gas raged the Alabama State College campus. When the entire student body protested to state authorities by refusing to re-register, their dining hall was policed in an attempt to starve them into submission."

L.B. Sullivan, then commissioner of public affairs for Montgomery, although not mentioned by name in the ad, contended that the word "police" referred to him and everyone knew it did because the public knew that he was in charge of the police. As a result of this case, in a 1964 precedent-setting ruling, the U.S. Supreme Court changed the old law and decided that a public official could not recover damages for a libel action concerning his official conduct unless he proved that the statement was made with actual malice—that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of the truth.

Until then, American law was the same as Canadian law as we have known it until now. Freedom of the press did not mean that practices would be extended to libellous statements. But this U.S. Supreme Court decision changed all that to permit news-

papers, magazines, TV and radio stations to say nasty things about public officials, and, to some extent, public figures, and get away with it. The courts felt society should permit unfettered debate of matters of public concern, and this was more important than the interests of individuals in public service.

The Supreme Court believed that if the press were forced to guarantee the truth of all their assertions, public debate would be hampered and that it was essential that the public be exposed to the widest possible range of information and opinion, even if some margin of error had to be tolerated. Currently in the U.S., a public official can sue for libel and hope to succeed only if he can prove that the press knew for sure that the statements printed were false, or made the statements with a reckless disregard for the truth.

Will the Supreme Court of Canada interpret our charter in a manner similar to that 1964 U.S. Supreme Court decision? Will it rely on the American experience? Only time will tell. The charter gives the right to do just that. While politicians who drew up our charter say it is not meant to apply to the kind of libel I describe, the problem is that it doesn't say that clearly, so it is very possible that the charter, with such phrases as "freedom of the press," can change the traditional judge-made law. Imagine then, Mayor Brown, a dedicated citizen with a loving family and a few enemies he deserves of civic fame. Will he be harassed at will without any successful recourse all in the aid of freedom of speech?

I must admit that, at this early point, my feelings are mixed about this potential change. On the one hand, I really believe in freedom of the press. From my view as a libel lawyer, I think the press has spent up all "kinds of money" and we as a society are better off as a result. But I worry that politics will attract only the thick-skinned if "freedom of the press" allows blistering libellous attacks on candidates. We might end up in a world full of Richard Nixon rather than John Stewarts and Edmund Muskie. Yet, the real spirit of freedom of the press should always soar and stretch beyond careful politeness. Unfortunately, looking down the road with this blustering inexperience, our leaders were in such a hurry that they neglected to make it clear. We'll have to wait and see.

Julian Porter is a Toronto trial lawyer.

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## A faltering fight against foam insulation

At this low price, few grants are likely to be given up before the summer. In the end, about 60 per cent of affected homeowners are expected to qualify, but even the chosen ones are far from happy. The top grants of \$5,000 would only pay for part of the cost of ripping the fence out entirely, and government inspectors are not expected to propose this remedy, except in extreme cases. More likely to be recommended are methods of reducing or eliminating the fence, such as the "partial" restriction. Anti-fence activists such as Frank Spitzer, president of the Toronto chapter of Homeowners With Unfair Personaldehyde Remediation, believe the govern-

In any event, such entrepreneurs as Claude Boyer, president of Bétel, are not waiting for government approval before putting their products on the market. Although he would be "thrilled" to have it, Boyer sees the negative side to government endorsement. "After all, they tested the foam!"

—GILLIAN MACKAY, with files from  
Jane Wiegman



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## FOLLOW-UP

# Fighting for a bit of sky

Over the past two years, prosperous Chatham farmer Robert Walker has spent \$125,000 building a site and here is a gesture of defiance toward local authorities. Justing 25 in into the air just less in from the end of the runway at Chatham Municipal Airport, Walker's win has effectively snuffed the city's hopes of completing its planned \$75,000 expansion of the airport (Madden's, Dec. 22, 1980). Recently, however, Chatham was an important legal victory in its three-year battle against the stubborn farmer. Walker plans to appeal, vowing to keep up the fight until he goes broke.

In 1973, when the city first offered him \$5,000 for air rights over his property, Walker did not even know what the term meant. Now, more than \$80,000 in legal costs later, he and eight of his neighbors know precisely what it means, both to have air rights and to lose them.

The Supreme Court of Ontario ruled recently that the province was within the rights last year in imposing height restrictions on the farms around the airport without granting owners any compensation. In the same case, it ruled that the municipality could appropriate land for the airport. "This does the way for Chatham to appropriate the 15-acre strip in the heart of Walker's 800-acre property on which the offending site stands.

Despite the provision of this obstacle, about four planes still land at Chatham airport every day, some as large as the 30-seater Chatham Pilots belonging to Peterborough-based Penn-Air Ltd. After the site was built, Penn-Air cited safety concerns in stopping its profitable year-old shuttle flight. Although some local pilots have kept up the protest, airport manager and pilot Willy Pavlovich is not concerned about any danger. "It's the same as other obstructions like the creaser hydro wires. You learn to part with what is there."

How long the empty site stands as a symbol of Walker's frustration remains to be seen. The city has offered him \$55,000 for the land. But to a man who does not want to sell, there is no such thing as adequate compensation. "No matter what, I'm going to lose," he says, "with what it's taken out of my property. A person shouldn't have to go through this."

—GILLIAN MACKEY,  
with files from Jane Mangan

## PROFILE

# A vital voice in Quebec

By David Thomas

In Montreal, a steady flight of Anglophones has opened up many communications neighborhoods to a cultural mixing that in the traditionally anglophone enclaves of the city's west end, there are still streets where the barrier of language seems as solid as the Berlin Wall. In that area, the francophone stand and clearly, a faded copy of *Le Devoir* on a late December is a streetwise paper by the Gazette is a dead giveaway.

The *Devoir* Le Devoir subscriber living on one such street is the newspaper's new editor-in-chief, Jane Blouinette. At 8:05 a.m.—an exceptionally early hour for most journalists—she is up and answers the door with her usual burst of breathless talk that would sound like gaffe if it were not so articulate. Anything from last year's horse pipes and the flooding of her kitchen to yesterday's political story, can serve as the subject of a passionate oration. Always immaculately and fashionably dressed, another common trait for a journalist, Jane Blouinette wears her own authority as comfortably as her business clothes. But there's not a trace of coyness or imperiousness in her manner.

Blouinette is a woman remarkable for more than just her choice of neighborhood or—at 36 with just eight years of newspaper experience—her rapid rise to prominence. She is an ardent defender of Quebec's language legislation, yet would choose New York over Paris as a place to live. She remains an advocate of independence, but she is a harsh critic of the "silence mentality" of Premier René Lévesque and other alleged nationalists. Determined in her championship of women's right to professional equality, she credits her own ambition and accomplishment to a long-standing romantic relationship that most feminists would undoubtedly call a throwback to the worst of the sexual double standard.

Her home is a gallery of contemporary Quebec art, an interest acquired from her lover. For his sake, she has sacrificed her desire to have children, a brilliant and influential woman, she gives out of her way to introduce her subaltern to her old masculine life. "I have time to work, time that I wouldn't have in a married life with children,"

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she says. And she herself points to a recent interview appearing in a magazine for housewives in which she declares, "I am mobile and in my love life I am aided by a man who believes in me, who was an extraordinary motivator, who pushed me, encouraged me." The article, meanwhile, does not reveal in its readers that Line Brossard's extraordinary man has returned home each night for 28 years to his wife and children.

The product of a traditional French-Canadian family, Brossard is successful beyond her adolescent dreams.

Still, she seems almost apologetic over her abandonment of traditional female vocations (married as she grew up in Quebec's remote Abitibi region. As she apologizes for the unweaved dunes in her kitchen, her forgotten breakfast dinner is a crisp in the oven. "Oh no, I can't even heat a croissant properly," she exclaims. "But don't write that. Everyone will think I can't cook."

It is, of course, not what Brossard cooks but what she writes that causes Quebecers to wrinkle their noses or smack their lips. Two years ago, as assistant-editor-in-chief and an editorial

writer, she was responsible for *Le Devoir's* unusual display of its own internal divisions over the provincial referendum on independence, in which the paper laid out its disagreement in a page of four individually signed editorials. Only Michel Ray, Brossard's predecessor and now chief editorial writer at *La Presse*, wrote in favor of the federalist cause. For her part, Brossard advised readers to vote "yes" to sovereignty because otherwise the federal government of Pierre Trudeau would proceed with its partition plan and "force the constitution in its century-old imbalance." Quebec, she warned, would become a "blooded society."

The fact that only 24 months later Brossard would be made responsible for the paper's daily news coverage demonstrates that fostering independence is not equated with radicalism in Quebec. It also shows that Brossard's colleagues are confident that her professional commitment is stronger than her personal prejudices. That confidence was demonstrated at several stages in the appointment process. Under *Le Devoir's* unique labor contract, journalists participate in the appointment of their own affairs through a selection committee composed of two management and two union representatives. *Le Devoir's* Publisher Jean-Louis Roy, the final authority in the appointment, told the paper's annual shareholders' meeting two weeks ago that Brossard represents a guarantee of *Le Devoir's* "heritage of credibility."

Brossard had already set a career at *Le Devoir* as the apex of her ambition when she left home in her mid-teens to live in the then-dirty mill town of Hdl,

Brossard, aided by love life



Que. There, she studied to become a teacher and went on to spend her education at the University of Montreal. But, already, justice's ink was blossoming in addition. Like many other aspiring journalists she spent too many hours working on the student newspaper, *Le Quartier Latin*, and in 1965 became assistant editor-in-chief. In 1967, she cofounded a tabloid for youth called *Jeanne-Quebec* that folded in bankruptcy after seven issues.

Soured on journalism by that experience, she joined the University of Quebec in Montreal as a teaching officer. But the evening took hold again when she learned that *Le Devoir's* education beat was vacant. "At the age of 18 I had dreamt of being education writer at *Le Devoir*," Brossard wrote to Claude Ryan, the paper's former publisher who quit in 1976 to lead the provincial Liberal party. "Ryan replied that my background was too academic. I persisted and six months later he hired me," she

*"If you ask me if there is a chance for independence, I will have to say, not much. That depresses me."*

wrote. "You can't imagine how I felt the first time I crossed the snowline. I had my first before the very first meeting and I had the hallucinating feeling of having been there all my life." She needed little training and rapidly was assigned by Ryan to the press galleries of Quebec City and Ottawa.

Her rue paraded that of the Parti Québécois from radical fringe to governing party. By the time of the referendum she had become one of the province's most respected journalists. Now, Line Brossard's only pleasure in the outcome is the presence of the pre-referendum editorial that warned Quebecers that by voting "no" they would sacrifice all their bargaining power. Her assessment two years later: "The worst moment of the whole [constitutional] affair for me was not the visit of the Queen, which was merely ridiculous and insignificant, but the grain ride in the rails from Ottawa to Montreal after last November's constitutional conference. I realized then that the whole concept of national dignity which had been spread over for years was now just an old dream." In her opinion the only reasonable alternative—national independence—has also become obsolete. "If you ask me if there is a chance of independence, I will have to say, not much. That depresses me." The minority scales,



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## DATLINE: HAITI

# The uncertain perils in a dictator's track

By Peter Leviss

The mighty armada counted but two boats while the invasion force it prepared to hurl at the enemy's throat numbered all of 16 marconies who looked as if they'd be more at home fishing than storming a beachhead. In fact, fishing was what the merry group of mercenaries was pretending to do when the U.S. Coast Guard cutter drew alongside their boats off the Florida shore in mid-March. But after three days afloat in leeward seas, the free-boaters were too unwell to hold their role convincingly, much less to resist, when they were handcuffed in ones and towed to Miami.

The seizure put an end to yet another grandiose advance to invade Haiti in order to rid that hapless Caribbean republic of its dictator, Jean-Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier. But as visible as Haiti remains in, this one took the enemy off. According to investigators, the 16 were recruited by Robert Maclean, the nephew of a former British president, through a vaguely worded ad in the Miami Herald. (Maclean is known to have organized at least two previous invasions: attacks by Haitians called the 16 gang-bangers in the group were sufficiently vague about the country they planned to overrun to inspire they would be "taking on Communism." And the weapons they carried—semi-automatic rifles, subguns and pistols—were all crates of souvenirs and copies of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine—were as suited to an invasion as a progeny is for assaulting a tank.

The leading adventure ended on a happier note for the would-be invaders than did the last known assault on Baby

Doc's bastion. In January, three members of an advance party for another tiny invasion force—at numbered 23 in all—were captured and sent to the infamous Deschamps barracks in Port-au-Prince, the Haitian capital, where they



Haitians met with invasion and coup scares earlier

presumptively "died of their wounds." Their comrades fled in a 14-ton launch and, before Haitian patrol boats could catch them, they managed to send a distress signal and were rescued by the U.S. Coast Guard.

In fact, the coast guard did the mercenaries a favor by taking them into custody. For Baby Doc's security forces had been tipped off, and the police force and the entire Haitian army—a total of more than 6,000 men—were ready to greet the invaders.

For ordinary Haitians, however,

were aware that anything was afoot. Even when the truth surfaced in Port-au-Prince, it didn't scarcely a thing. A visitor might have concluded that invasion and coup scares in Haiti, the Western Hemisphere's poorest country, were too common to merit attention. The truth, however, was that the six million people living in the "nightmare republic," as Graham Greene described Haiti, were too apathetic to care.

To be sure, indifference to politics seems to run strong among all but the boldest Haitians, being seen as a cardinal virtue in a land where pecking one's nose in surprise and brevity can cause sudden death. For Haiti's poor—70 per cent of the population lives below the World Bank's "absolute poverty" line of \$135 a year—Duvalier family members are cowards of near-mythical dimension. A docile, catgaping folk, Haitians endure their president-for-life as they did Papa Doc in the past and—say the pessimists—as they will in their dictator to come. But that doesn't mean they enjoy the burden. It is said that when Duvalier spends through the capital in his thousands, many of his more superstitious subjects avert their eyes for fear the mere sight of him will turn them to stone.

Yet Baby Doc is not thought to be the monster his father was. While Papa Doc murdered and maimed thousands of Haitians during his gory 14-year reign, young Duvalier has mainly contented himself with robbing the country blind. It has been estimated that a full 45 per cent of Haiti's export earnings somehow (and they're wrong) went into Baby Doc's coffers, as does an important out of the official tax on gambling. When rich Haitians grease an official's palm to avoid paying income tax or export duties or, sure, they know that a good part goes toward swelling Baby Doc's evermore bank accounts or in paying for his racing cars, his presidential yacht or the old lordly driveway—Duvalier's marriage in 1980 to his wife, Michelle, met St. Germain. To thank the gods for it all, Baby Doc drives through Port-au-Prince on New Year's Day firing pistols to the poor.

Some Haitians rather dislike his rule. "He's corrupt and lazy, but he's got class compared to Papa Doc, who was a miserable runt," says Port-au-Prince resident Avelin Derbise. "At least Jean-Claude is making an effort to improve the lot of Haitians." That Baby Doc may indeed be doing, if only to secure the business loans for his, early this year he appointed Marc Bazin, a respected Haitian economist who worked with the World Bank, as finance minister with a mandate to revamp the country's fiscal, budget, farming and industrial systems. Bazin's opening show was to declare war on tax evasion and

corruption and to take urgent measures to revive Haiti's sagging coffee, sugar and banana industries. (Last year coffee exports were down 30 per cent from 1980.)

Yet many Haitians are convinced Bazin's reforms will be halted at their tracks by the country's all-powerful bourgeoisie, since it stands in that, depending the economy, he may also curb their privileges. And the more cynical see his appointment as window dressing to satisfy the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the U.S. government that Haiti is putting its house in order.

(The IMF is currently pondering whether or not to release \$60 million in suspended standby credit to Haiti, and Washington recently promised to loan up to Port-au-Prince from \$30 million to \$50 million this year.)

The major rub to the rich is Bazin's plan to the extent of income tax. Until now companies and wealthy individuals—some 4,000 people in Haiti are said to have annual incomes of more than \$50,000—have paid only peanuts to the state. In fact, in a land where 80 per cent of the population is illiterate and one third out of three dies before

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reckoning the age of 4, the rich do not see why they should pay taxes. "It's not my fault they are poor," says restaurant owner Edwige Kenna de Babinville. "What Haiti needs from the rich western nations are fewer sanctions on human rights and more money. Send us a billion dollars [to save the country from communism] and we'll build the country properly," she explains.

The legacy of communism has been consistently employed by Baby Doc to justify repression and hold back reforms. In easy ways modern Haiti under Duvalier is a capitalist's paradise reminiscent of pre-Castro Cuba. There are many gambling shops in Port-au-Prince that grower stores (the favorite local fester is a legal numbers racket called *la Raretta*). The prettiest daughters of the poor take to prostitution, seeking out customers in the rough, wild-west atmosphere of Port-au-Prince's bars. Shops near a few dollars buying days for tourists. Those too proud—or slow-witted—to handle fast pace work carting vegetables in the Port-au-Prince market or cutting sugar

*When Duvalier speeds by, his more superstitious subjects avert their eyes for fear sight of him will turn them to stone*

can under a billion won for the princely wage of \$3 a day.

While millions suffer, big business is transacted over their heads on American gambling syndicates from Reno, Nev., is reported to be currently negotiating to purchase such famous hotels as the El Rancho in suburban Princeton with the intention of carrying them into huge casinos to receive U.S. high rollers on weekends. No doubt Baby Doc will get his cut.

It was Mayland's dream when he unloaded his motorcade on Haiti in March to see the transition from behind upon landing by local commanders and frustrated peasants who—in pure Fidel Castro style—would proceed to blow up power plants, cut communication lines and start on a triumphal march to Port-au-Prince to impose democracy. It didn't happen that way. Few people in Haiti think that they would have counted much backing had they truly served. Given the state of Duvalier's Haiti, where fewer than 4,000 privileged rule over six million, other invasion attempts or coups against the regime can be expected. And the harder Baby Doc turns the screws, the more likely it is that, ultimately, one will succeed. ☐

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# The steep price of honor in a high-tech war

By Jane O'Hara

**T**he leading captain of HMS Sheffield only had time to deliver the order "take cover" before the unforeseen threat struck. Within seconds, a lethal five-metre Argentine missile—fired from an invisible aircraft almost 40 km away and steaming just over the waves—struck amidships, shearing through the gas-ventilating nerve centre. Then came the explosion—a blast that turned the British destroyer's hull white-hot with its raging power. As body paint peeled from the steaming aluminium hull, flames roared through the ship, including lower compartments to a fiery grave for 80 British crewmen working below. Five hours later, with the blaze still out of control and black smoke engulfing the Sheffield in a cowl of destruction, Capt James Sutt gave the order: "Abandon ship." Said the understated captain, acknowledging the ferocious power of today's modern high-tech arsenal: "We were on a losing ticket."

For Britain, the loss of the Sheffield—whose radar made it the "eyes and ears" of the fleet—was a shocking reversal in an unclouded war. It represented the nation's first major loss of life and the first military setback in the five-week crusade to reclaim the Falklands from Argentina. While ships few at half-mast in the naval city of Portsmouth, whence the tank ferries had set sail, and the port Sheffield called home, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher wore widow's black to explain the defeat to Westminster. The loss of the Sheffield clearly shocked Britons. But for the Argentinians it merely opened the score. Two days before the Sheffield was hit, the British task force had let slip its own tops of war. It sank Argentina's lone anchor, the General Belgrano, with two electronically guided Tigerfish torpedoes unleashed from the British hunter-killer submarine, Conqueror. Argentina has not confirmed the death toll from the General Belgrano, but a solemn carriage of military automobiles filed the way at Bahía Blanca, 640 km south of Buenos Aires, swelling casualties, perhaps as many as 350 dead.

The mathematics of the suddenly rising body counts—the British lost two more destroyers and their pilots in the weeks later in the week—was a sober reminder to both sides of the escalating costs of war. By week's end the fighting had given way to further cosmetic sea-



Our ship aboard HMS Hermes (above), while the Argentine Falkland garrison sits/ceases the nonnegotiable demands remain the problem



Requestion QE2: French-built Super Etendards the future of naval warfare



relations around the peace table. But, with the two countries vigorously hailing fast to their negotiable demands, discussions failed to trigger any real hopes for a peaceful settlement. In any case, it was not peace that was apparent in many minds. What happened after last week's battles was the grim realization that a cruise that started out as an uncharacteristic paroxysm of guerrilla ended up as the latest cooperation in a new-style warfare.

Perhaps more than anything, the fate of the two ships showed how radically the state of the deadly art had changed. For the first time, even in the world of non-nuclear warfare, men and morale had been outmatched by missiles and electronic gadgetry on the high seas. Says Thomas Germain, the American author of *Armies of Democracy*: "The British didn't count on the fact that a Third World country like Argentina would have such sophisticated equipment. It is the first time that these weapons have been used and its beads to give all nations cause."

Although missiles were in common use in the 1970 Middle East war between Egypt and Israel, the battle in the South Atlantic is the world's first major naval war in which they have been employed. According to reports with the authoritative publication *Jones's Fighting Ships*, the 482-kg French-built missile Roxel AN36, which knocked out the Sheffield, also had its maiden voyage in a live military theater last week. Its performance was devastating. The British single 100-kn warhead did the damage it would have taken several Second World War naval shells to do. Britain's computerized Tiger fighter torpedoes, each carrying 375 kg of high explosives in its warhead, did a job that would have required four or five torpedoes in the Second World War. As a result of the attack, the spot price of Bocoets on the international arms market was reported to have tripled overnight.

Although both sides in the conflict have kept the size of their armadas secret, they are both believed to have roughly the same number of missiles. Nine Argentine and seven British warships are equipped with both sea-to-air and sea-to-surface missiles. The Argentine ships, one of two modern capable of being launched from the sea. Argentina's navy in the hole last week, however, was the French-built Super Etendard bomber, from which the air-variant Arcolet AN29 was launched on its deadly nocturnal journey.

The air-launched Roxel, which has a 70-kn fighter 150, was thought to have been carried by the radar-elusive Super Etendard to within 40 km of the Sheffield before it fired. And the attack bomber's stealthy maneuvering—below



British Alouette surveillance plane: a deadly but accurate journey

the Sheffield's radar horizon and beyond the scope of the human eye—has raised critical questions concerning the future of naval warfare. Clearly, the days of big-gun, big-ship battleships are over. In future, jet pilots need not worry about over spotting apologetic cannons, let alone seeing the whites of enemy eyes. They will be content to operate at long distances, stalking one another with radar and heat-seeking missiles, dousing an airborne ballet of electronic countermeasures to avoid one another.

"There won't any longer be mass

ness aircraft," said the British battle cruiser *Defender* and the battleship *Prince of Wales* in 1941) that surface fleets may be obsolete in the face of such accurate, unopposed weaponry. That debate is particularly inflamed to the U.S. Navy, which is steaming toward a goal of a 600-ship fleet. Already under way are plans to reconvert at least four Second World War battleships and to build two large nuclear carriers at a cost of \$3.5 billion each.

According to U.S. Navy Secretary John Lehman, the Sheffield disaster neither means that surface ships are doomed nor should it cause any radical changes in naval planning. It was simply a case of the Sheffield taking to sea without the necessary anti-missile missiles, such as the Sea Wolf, which can explode enemy hardware as the war just seconds short of its target. That is a point also being peddled by the two finalists in the competition to build six frigates for the Canadian Armed Forces. Neither finalist would say what anti-missile capacity they intend for their designs, but the lessons of the Sheffield will undoubtedly not be lost on them.

While Lehman stepped short of criticizing the British for leaving the Sheffield open to naked attack, he maintained that U.S. warships would never sail to a danger zone like the South Atlantic without covering their flank. "We would not put any ship outside the range of air cover," said Lehman. "If you send any combatant out without air cover, either land-based or sea-based, they are vulnerable." The thinking was



Harriers with payload: an airborne ballet of electronic countermeasures

obviously shared by Britain, which last week bolstered its fleet with long-range reconnaissance Harriers similar to the U.S. *Avenger* navy-warrior aircraft and 28 more Harriers, which were flown from Britain to American Island.

It was the first of many battle preparations made by Britain last week. And the moves were interpreted by many reports as the preliminary steps toward full-scale invasion of the islands. Early last week, the Thatcher government requisitioned the luxury *Canard Enchauffé* Elizabeth 2 to ferry 1,000 infantrymen—including a group of the legendary Irish-wearing Gershas—to the Falklands. With 1,000 troops already landing around the strategically important sea, the latest move could be

as a prelude force after the islands have been taken. While ported planes and personnel were removed from the shoreward during a refit of the Q-1, Britain moved off a further reconnaissance to show at least humanly the defense ministry extended the previously approved 200-mile sea zone to within 12 nautical miles of the Argentine mainland. Any Argentine warship or military aircraft caught within the sea "war" zone will be considered hostile by Britain. In effect, it is an attempt to secure the fleet by keeping the Argentines safely handicapped. The tough British intention came at week's end when the war had fallen silent as a lull in following the six-day days of high-altitude bombing, full-scale sub-

marine warfare, aerial dogfights and missile warfare.

Militarily, at least, Britain appeared to have the upper hand. Prior to the loss of the Sheffield, it had recaptured the British dependency of South Georgia, ordered the Falkland Islands airbase to be a Valiant bomber and Harrier jump jets, bagged two Argentine planes and sank three enemy craft, including the General Belgrano, once American-owned and one of the few ships to survive the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Late in the week, however, Britain reported that its already-stranded air force sustained another loss when two of the remaining 19 Harriers remained from radar screens while on patrol in the Atlantic's surface zone.

The break in the fighting—an unofficial ceasefire—gave both sides a chance to regroup, to consider the elements of combat and to prepare future strategies. But there was also relaxation on both sides to intensify the fighting before all the peace options had been used by the sides. And with U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig's divisive shuttle soundly grounded, the rates of diplomacy fell firmly into the hands of U.S. Secretary-General Javier Perez de Cuellar. Working from blueprints of various other peace plans put forward by Haig and Peruvian President Fernando Belaúnde Terry, Perez de Cuellar rendered his own interim proposal. That called for an immediate cessation of hostilities, the withdrawal of Argentine troops, the withdrawal of the British fleet, the beginning of negotiations, the lifting of economic sanctions and the setting up of a truce administration on the Falklands while the final details of the negotiations were worked on.

The secretary-general temporarily halted aggression by saying he had received "positive reactions" from both

Graham (left), Thatcher, and Costa Mendez: the consultations around the conference table were courteous at best





belonged parties. But his efforts seemed destined for the shredder unless one of the parties could be persuaded to budge from its oil-driven base line. The negotiable British stance is that Argentina must withdraw its troops before serious bargaining begins. At week's end, however, Argentina was still reluctant to do so without Britain's guarantee that Lee Malvaire (as the negotiator known) subsequently will remain under Argentine sovereignty—a

concession that Britain will not make.

As a result, even though Britain's 101 Ambassador Sir Anthony Pearson and Argentine Deputy Foreign Minister Enrique Ross were both talking to Pérez on Sunday, observers took a cynical view of the proceedings. American military experts said both sides were holding their fire and appearing amenable to the 101 peace initiative—because neither wanted to shoulder blame for scuttling

Port Stanley support for British air attacks, the reality of war hinders a peaceful solution.

Pérez de Cárdena tried vainly to head off further escalation by leaving the contentious subject of sovereignty completely out of his peace proposal. But the intransigence of the Argentines on that very issue was perhaps best illustrated last week during an intense diplomatic effort by the United States,

## The arms sales boomerang

Did Britain unwittingly invite a war in the South Atlantic by selling its latest military hardware to Argentina? The question has been posed ever since time since the start of the Falkland Islands crisis. British author Anthony Sampson, whose book *The Armed Remains* should read with its title insight into the operations of so-called "mercenary of death," is one who thinks it did. He elaborates in an interview from London, with Maclean's staff writer Carol Newman.

**Maclean's:** How important is the military Britain sold to Argentina?

**Sampson:** The signs are that British manufacturers have supplied Argentina with quite important equipment, including the Twenty-Fifth of May aircraft carrier, which is now the main part of its fleet.

**Maclean's:** Were you surprised that Argentina has such sophisticated weapons as the Super Sparrow fighter bomber, English missiles and Mirage jets?

**Sampson:** Many people in Britain, in-

cluding our admirals, are surprised by how efficiently the Argentines used the Russian missiles.

**Maclean's:** How do you feel about Pearson's role in supplying these weapons?

**Sampson:** I don't think Britain is in any position to talk about this because we've sold almost anything we can. As far as I know, we have not tried to restrain the French because we've been competing with them in arms sales. It's been a bitter blow to have had a British vessel blown up by a French weapon, but we can hardly pretend to be surprised.

**Maclean's:** Do you believe the outcome will depend on which side has superior military and electronic devices?

**Sampson:** Yes. The British have been under the misimpression that this is a war about morale and training. But it is not.

**Maclean's:** The British government has talked about cutting its naval budget. Will the events in the Falklands change that?

**Sampson:** When the expedition argu-

ally set sail, the feeling was that this mission would vindicate the navy for arguing that Britain needed a big surface fleet for emergencies. But, with the sinking of the *Sheffield*, opinions may have changed; surface ships are so vulnerable to attack by missiles.

**Maclean's:** Was Alexander Haig the best man to negotiate between Britain and Argentina when the United States is the largest arms supplier to both countries?

**Sampson:** I don't think that's a problem. My concern is that the United States has been using Argentina as its ally in dealing with Central America, because Washington regards Argentina as an anti-Communist country. That has made it difficult for Haig to be an honest broker. There is also some concern that the Americans have not been altogether efficient in supplying intelligence.

**Maclean's:** Perhaps magazine estimated that during the First World War it cost about \$25,000 to kill one soldier. How much is it costing Britain and Argentina to do the same today?

**Sampson:** We know that one Russian missile costs about \$500,000. The *Sheffield*, in which 20 people died, cost about \$47 million. That gives some sort of proportion.

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Critics of Argentine sailors, the Union Jack at (left) means both countries were strengthening their belated resolve

Pera and Britain to bring about a 70-hour ceasefire, the first phase of a plan to defuse the crisis. That someone was blown out of the water by the junta sharpshooters who refused to consider it unless iron-clad assurances were given that the pale-blue Argentine flag would continue to fly over the islands.

The belated resolve on both sides was firmly entrenched in Argentina, Defence Minister Amadeo Franco asserted Britain's estimate of the "ago" war. Argentina would fight "wherever and whenever" required, he said. And the junta appeared to believe it had forced the Thatcher government into a tacit admission that it seriously underestimated Argentine firepower and spirit.

Officials in Buenos Aires seemed to think that despite the Conservatives' strong showing in the British municipal elections (page 11) another military setback like the crushing of the Shagbald might topple her. Conservatives of Britain's top body and eloquent posters showing a bullet-strewn and bloodied Union Jack refused the galvanised public support for President Leopoldo Galtieri. Impressed by their successful language use of the Exocet missile, the Argentines were reportedly betting for bigger gains—use of Britain's two aircraft carriers—in order to further erode what they believe is softening British support both domestically and abroad.

Indeed, the European reaction to the sinking of the Belgrano last week was one of dismay. Several nations called

for a cessation of hostilities and for UN involvement aimed at a general feeling that the British had lost a great deal of their goodwill around the world by attacking an obsolete vessel that would not even in the war zone. That feeling didn't diminish appreciably even in the wake of the attack on the Sheffield. In fact, Ireland, one of the European Community members that supported sanctions against Argentina, last week announced it would oppose any extension of the economic boycott until May 17, news that must have gladdened Buenos Aires. As Madrid's Allan Pacey

Argentinean pick and choose the myth they would like to live, turning their backs on unpalatable historical truths that might expose their sense of survival or immaturity. Third World nations V.S. Nikolai, who discarded Argentina's one society in his collection of essays entitled *The Return of Eva Peron*, points to Argentina's "innate capacity for denying the obvious," citing Eva Peron's derivation of her own birth records—a move that was instigated by bloodshed.

Says Nupiel: "The trouble is their language is so crammed with rhetoric

that it drives them into absurd postures. But one must not be misled. When a military commander says we are fighting valiantly to defend national sovereignty, it means 'Things have gone wrong.' Psychologically they are very dangerous people.' No amount of mythmaking, however, could disguise Argentina's very real economic trouble. Last week, in a series of desperate stopgap measures, the peso was devalued by 17 per cent, gas prices were hiked 36 per cent and taxes were levied on luxury items and foreign-influenced agencies.

Shagbald hunting bigger game



Argentine Economics Minister Robert Alemann refused to blame the war for a pasting the economy. But British officials revealed their tales to date. So far the tank force has cost \$318 million and it could go as high as \$21 billion in the event of extended action.

But for Buenos Aires, not just last week, although the country's brief encounter with defeat led to a small drop in support for Thatcher's handling of the issue, opinion polls showed that more than 70 per cent of the country was still with her. Harrowing interviews with the last-stand soldiers of British sailors only added energy to the public's resolve to "see it through." And while diplomats temperately tried the backdrop of negotiation to build upon international political support, the politicians' upper lip was stiffening for the alternative a military solution.

At the same time, there were reports that Thatcher's inner cabinet, which is running the war from 10 Downing Street, was prepared to break the Argentine march to enhance the tank

## The war at the ballot box

A political pundit reviewed the Conservatives' powerful performance in last week's British local government elections, there was near unanimity in their conviction a major reason for the party's success was Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's firm stand on the Falkland Islands issue. They had a harder time, however, deciphering what went wrong for the Labour Party and why the Social Democratic Party (SDP) had a deeply disappointing turnout. The best guess, with the Falklands deserting attention, other pressing issues were ignored by the voters.

The Social Democratic had promised a political revolution. They had even boasted that with their liberal allies they could smash the political mould in Britain. The signs, until recently, were that the fledgling party could do just that, rallying support from both of its

electorate. Since pains are worse than others. But according to all established criteria—a government's performance in office, employment levels, the degree of economic prosperity and the general well-being of the electorate—the Conservatives ought to have done very badly.

Instead, they fought their 135 losses more than outweighed by 147 gains when the count ended on Saturday. The Social Democrats gained 16 but lost 89 for a net loss, while Labour fared with a net loss of 60 seats. As a result, it was clear that the Labour Party, divided externally since the last general election in 1978, then lost, for the time being, pose a serious threat to the Tories. And Labour's inability to manage its own internal affairs has not allowed British voters the possibility of the party running theirs. In the aftermath, Labour lost control of some



Exocet missile, SDP's Roy Jenkins: Thatcher's firm stand on the Falklands led to the Conservative's popularity

South's security. It was also said to be poised for a landing on the islands despite a 3-6-1 reversal of the missile's launch. And Foreign Secretary Francis Pym: "If all endeavours to reach a fair settlement fail, then nobody is as any doubt what we are going to do."

As the only party of nature closed in on the history South Atlantic, mainland forces continued to converge on the disputed archipelago. Any doubt about the prospects were perhaps finally swept aside on Friday by Harg. In the game of a "Junior White House official," Harg had selected reporters what he thought he should "the ball would be in the air and inevitable. And it's probable, given their assets, that the British will prevail in the end," he declared. For the Argentines, that was the most chilling message of all.

With John Zaccaria in London, William Coulson in Washington and Allan Pacey in Buenos Aires.

more established rivals. Spectacular parliamentary victories—about assumed by such big-name candidates as Shirley Williams and Roy Jenkins—seemed to guarantee that the only question remaining was whether Labour or the Conservatives would be harder hit in the future. But after the Social Democrats' first nationwide political bow, it seems clear that not nearly as many voters are willing to switch allegiance as had been expected.

The Conservatives actually achieved a net gain in the voting for more than 400 council seats—usually the governing party adds a net loss. The figure was small—about a dozen—but it meant that Thatcher can stay looking over her shoulder for a while, at least during the current crisis. In "normal" political circumstances, halfway through a government's five-year term of office, the ruling party traditionally loses seats to the opposition in local

elections and gains, particularly in the industrial Midlands where it should have strengthened its hold on a traditional working-class electorate. The loss of England's second city, Birmingham, to the Conservatives was the most spectacular setback.

But the main casualties were the Social Democrats. They gained some consolation from a lively performance by three Liberal allies, who have been clinging to the perimeters of political life for 50 years. The Liberal had net gains of 100 seats. But elsewhere it was all dissolution. The one council that the SDP controlled—the London borough of Islington—was returned to its former master, the Labour Party.

Clearly, the SDP will have to rethink its strategy before it goes to the polls again. But, for her part, Thatcher had the most popular sense of her career to boost the Tories.

—JILL LANGRISH in London.

## A rude awakening for Polish resistance

For a few hours, it seemed that the Solidarity movement's defiant prediction of a spring revolt against Poland's martial law regime was coming true. Thousands of spontaneous demonstrators last week spilled into the streets of Warsaw and a dozen other Polish cities to taunt the authorities with slogans hailing the suspended trade union and to brave police attacks by club, tear gas and water cannons. Then, the severe battles were swiftly ended—with the arrest of more than 1,300 demonstrators by troops and police.

Still, the outbreak shocked Poland's leaders. For one thing, it revealed the depth of opposition to martial law. For another, it showed that Solidarity, though driven underground, remains strong enough to stage massive nationwide protest. Not only that, there were also indications that the generals may face new setbacks this week as the country enters its sixth month of army rule.

Polish leader Wojciech Jaruzelski's

latest round of problems began on May 1. At that time, crowds estimated to be 50,000-strong gathered in Warsaw and in Gdansk—Solidarity's birthplace—to stage may demonstrations in revolt to the official May Day rallies. In open defiance of martial law regulations, the Warsaw demonstrators held a mass meeting on the banks of the Vistula River, shouting anti-government slogans and ripping down and flags from government buildings. On that occasion security forces did nothing to disperse the demonstrators. But the response changed dramatically last week when new appeals faced in the capital and in at least 12 provincial centers.

For more than three hours in Warsaw's old town, police and roughly 30,000 young demonstrators collided violently. Afterward, the robbed streets were strewn with broken glass, tear-gas canisters and the remnants of makeshift barricades. In Gdansk, several thousand persons tried to take over the city center and they attacked the main police headquarters. As the

clashes subsided, the authorities announced a total of 1,072 arrests. In addition, they said, 72 policemen had been hurt. To head off further trouble, local officials temporarily suspended telephone services and banned the use of private cars. The martial law curfew, lifted only three days earlier, was restored in many cities, including Warsaw. Within hours, however, the Baltic port of Szczecin erupted in renewed violence and rioters set fire to a hotel housing riot-police. In the aftermath, communications with the town—a hub of Solidarity activity before the Dec. 13 crackdown—were cut.

In the midst of the disorders, Polish government spokesmen sought to present an adaptable face to the world. Interior Minister Gen. Czeslaw Kiszczak told parliament that while Solidarity might hold up "normalization"—the removal of other martial law restrictions—it would not defeat the military engine from what he termed "our pursuit of reform, dialogue and

Police disperse Warsaw crowds (below); Solidarity rally dispelling an illusion that martial law has stabilized the country



## AFGHANISTAN

## The guerrillas' spring thaw

Altogether world attention is focused on the Pakistan Islands, the conflict in Soviet-occupied Afghanistan continues with unabated bitterness. Maclean's correspondent David Kline last week returned from a three-week visit with the Mujahideen guerrillas, during which he interviewed two recently captured Soviet prisoners. His exclusive report.

The spring thaw in Afghanistan has opened the way for new, large-scale fighting between anti-government guerrillas and Soviet occupation forces. Thousands of rebels are pouring into the eastern provinces after spending the winter in the comparative comfort of Pakistani refugee camps. In response, the Soviets have launched their most determined effort yet to seal the frontier crossing points.

At first, this year's offensives seemed to follow the pattern of previous years. But there is a noticeable difference in the combatants' mood. No longer do the Mujahideen bravely expect an easy victory. Nor is there as large a degree of unquestioned support for the Mujahideen among the Afghan people. Three years of death and destruction have taken a heavy toll on civilian morale.

But the morale of the Soviet soldiers may also be sinking—at least that is the claim of two Soviet prisoners captured recently by the guerrillas. Proferring experiences for their actions, they even condemned Moscow's occupation as "brutal and unjustified" in interviews at the secret rebel base of Allah Jirga.

Sgt. Alexander Petrovich Silyevnikov "I have seen many women and children killed by our army in shellings and house-to-house searches." Silyevnikov, 38, was captain of a tank company stationed at Bagram Air Base, north of Kabul, and the first Soviet officer to be taken alive by the guerrillas. His counterpart, an enlisted man identified as Valery Yuryevich Kishyov, 35, also criticized his country's involvement.

The Allah Jirga base lies in the province of Zabul, barely 16 km from the Pakistan border. During the interview around guards provided the prisoners with Maclean's cigarettes, tea and croissants. The Soviets mentioned this fare with relish, a sign perhaps that their usual diet is less appetizing.

Silyevnikov, a blond-haired college graduate from the Ukrainian city of Zaporozhye, said that before his arrival in Afghanistan he had been told he would be fighting Chinese, American, Egyptian and Pakistani mercenaries. "But I found out that there were no foreign soldiers here, only Afghans," he said.



Soviet soldiers Kishyov (left) and Silyevnikov: a sharp decline in morale

cooperation" is a similar contradictory gesture, but police avoided using excessive force to contain the disorders.

But the authorities could not help but strip Poland's military rulers of any illusion that they have stabilized the country. And their failure to deal with the political issues raised by Solidarity in its last year was underlined indeed, Jaruzelski's much-awaited five-point "national accord"—a Polish code phrase for a form of government allowing church and labor a say in public affairs—has yet to be initiated.

At week's end, it was unclear whether the outbreak of street warfare was an isolated occurrence or the first shot in a cycle of violence that could engulf the country. But a key to the future may be found in the degree to which workers and students respond to calls for fresh demonstrations and a 15-minute national work stoppage on May 13 to mark the end of the fifth month of martial law. If the turnout was large there was little doubt that the military engine would deliver an on-fused reply. Last week's rioters got off relatively lightly—of those arrested only about half Solidarity supporters were given jail sentences. The next time, the generals seem certain to wield a heavier stick.

—PETER LEWIS IN BRUSSELS

The realization among Red Army troops that their job was to battle Afghan insurgents rather than foreign mercenaries had produced a sharp decline in morale. "All the soldiers complain," said Selyutskiy. "They ask, 'What are we doing here?' Another cause of the army's low spirit, in addition, is the fact that the normal two-year terms of duty are routinely extended.

Selyutskiy claimed that he had personally witnessed the destruction of 56 Soviet fighters and 13 helicopters during three guerrilla attacks in Dargan, the largest Soviet air base in Afghanistan. At the same time, he said, his troops were frustrated by the rebels' apparent ability to operate at will against Soviet targets and were frightened by the realization that the civilian population despised them.

Verlter Kuchyn, a deserter, told Selyutskiy had personal knowledge of the use of chemical or biological weapons by Soviet forces—a charge levelled by U.S. intelligence agencies. But Selyutskiy claimed to have seen open lava colored a strange dark sea in Dargan province. An Afghan village had been the demonstration was due to a "strange gas" dropped during a Soviet bombing raid.

The two prisoners were apparently unaware of the existence in the same camp of three previously captured Soviet soldiers. Two of them, Yuri Ponomarev and Valery Zelenko, both 19—were also paroled. They appeared pale and undernourished. The third, Pte. Muhammad Yakhshir Kafi, had been allowed free runs of the rebel base because his parents are Muslim. He has agreed to join the guerrilla army.

The four non-Muslim prisoners expressed the hope that continuing Red Cross negotiations for an exchange will be successful. Their fate, however, remains uncertain. The guerrillas recently executed their most important Soviet prisoner, a civilian specialist serving in Afghanistan, although talks with the Red Cross were apparently approaching success.

Indeed, the prisoners' fate will largely be determined by the relative propaganda values of their deaths or survival. The Mujahideen will try to elucidate whether they will gain more face among the tribal millions by keeping them alive or by executing them under Islamic law for their "betrayal." For its part, the Kremlin will have to decide whether or not to encourage desertions among soldiers who now believe that the only alternative is dying in the hands of the barmakins (bandits)—the Soviet soldiers' word for the rebels. With the war now setting into a grim, protracted slog, the odds of a few less may count for very little.



Rubble in Jakarta. Site sign of a Golkar breakthrough

#### INDONESIA

## Lament for a lost election

It was an election campaign marred only for its brute-force tactics and ruthlessness. When it was over, 30 people had died in bloody clashes between Indonesian government and opposition forces, with the army intervening to crush demonstrations at rallies of the ruling military-backed Golkar party. And while the voting itself took place in relative calm last week—with 50,000 troops standing guard—Golkar's claim to have increased its share of the 50 million eligible voters from 52 to 64 per cent was quickly dis-

puted and troops were greeted at best with blank indifference by onlookers. By contrast, rallies of the PPP and the secular Indonesian Democratic Party (PDI) drew a warm reception from crowds in the capital. In addition, Golkar, which is a loose alliance of farmers, urban workers, youth and women, had been pessimistic about its prospects, reportedly being content merely to hold its own.

In reality, the election was largely a symbolic struggle. The 300 elected members of parliament play only a minor role in governing the island nation—the real seats rest with the 500 government-appointed members of Golkar's Consultative Assembly and its 260 government-appointed opposition. They will advise the MP on the upcoming presidential elections. And while the PPP and PDI nominally oppose the government, they are, in fact, safely in its pocket. The PPP leader, John Nuro, is believed to be a government appointee, while the PPP has already asked President Suharto to accept another term in office. The few real opposition figures—men such as civil rights lawyer Bayu Nasution and former Jakarta governor Ali Sadikin—are ignored in the government-directed press.

As the count continued at week's end, it will take until the end of next week to collect all the votes from the 5,233-kilometre archipelago—the government was still looking for a conspiracy behind the bloodshed. But a more basic reason for the disturbances may be the fact that Indonesian society is changing rapidly around the clock, conservative generals who run the country

Military rule has provided the country with stability after the turmoil of former president Sukarno's 35-year reign—and the massacres that followed an attempted Communist coup in 1965. But because fully two-thirds of the country's 151 million people are too young to remember those times, the current ruthlessness may spread if an economic downturn sets in. That is a distinct possibility. Oil now provides 70 per cent of Indonesia's budget, and prices are dropping while domestic demand grows. And continued oil-price stagnation would quickly remove the unprecedented boom the country has been enjoying during the past eight years.

It seems inevitable that Suharto, the mythical retiring and by all accounts extremely rich man who retired power in Indonesia 14 years ago, will accept a fourth term next spring. Indonesian newspapers have reported a barrage of requests for him to stay on—including one of dubious authenticity from the people of East Timor, annexed by Indonesia in 1976.

The major holdouts in the anti-Suharto movement are the students. An often-dangerous opposition force, they have triggered two major crises in the course of the Suharto administration. Last week they boycotted the latest elections as a "farce" and vowed to accelerate their force on the presidential election. That is a prospect that will clearly unsettle the comfortably established forces.

—PAUL QUINN-JUDGE in Jakarta



Suharto voting: a symbolic struggle

#### MIDDLE EAST

## Iran mounts a fierce offensive



Iranian soldiers and anti-aircraft guns fired by Iranian Air Force after Israeli and

Tehran killed in a massive display of Meir's successful onslaught in which supposed Iraqi defenders were overwhelmed before they could retire behind their own borders. And despite an initial shock, when Iranian tanks and artillery were trapped in muddy conditions and battered by Iraqi snipers from land and air, it seemed last week that Iranian troops had once more successfully turned the offensive in their 20-month war with Baghdad.

The initial attack was launched after "code"—Iranian troops barely out of their tents—had closed Iraqi minefields. The thousands of raging Iranian regulars and units of the revolutionary guards set out to cross the crucial Karbala River and retake Iraq's chief port of Khawrshahr in the oil-rich province of Khuzestan. Military analysts say they employed tactics similar to those of Hezbollah forces when they crossed the Suez Canal into the Sinai during the 1973 Middle East war. American officials acknowledged that the Iranians had used five U.S.-made mobile bridges, sold before the fall of the Shah.

By week's end, the Iraqis were making a strategic withdrawal. The Iranian claim that they had overcome three enemy defence lines and pushed Iraqi defenders back to the international border along a 50-km front. That would represent a massive strategic gain because a major supply line would be effectively cut.

The political implications of the fighting were even more serious. In fact, Western diplomats speculated that Iraq President Saddam Hussein may eventually be forced from office as a result of the reported defeats. Gulf

states have been pouring funds into Hussein's war chest—at least \$22 million so far—but with little visible result. At the same time Egypt has provided weapons, and there are indications that it might also send troops.

But such support may be too little and too late to cope with the Iranian military juggernaut, fuelled by Shiite Shi'ite Iran. Indeed, one of the most formidable powers in the Middle East is the destructive potential of Shiite factions in countries where Sunni Muslims traditionally have been dominant.

Iraq may well prove as anxious. Its military personnel and its general population are predominantly Shiite. But the Iraqi government is a minority offshoot of the Sunni Arab world—which cut Iraq's trans-Syrian oil pipeline last month in punishing Hussein's downfall and his replacement by a Shiite government now in tune with Syria's own minority government of Hafeez (a Shiite branch). U.S. intelligence sources claim Syria has become a new and major participant in the war, supplying an unprecedented amount of arms to Iran within the past 30 days, including 30 planes and arm cranes.

At the same time, there is growing evidence throughout the Middle East of a general Shiite uprising, beginning with the Amal movement in Lebanon and arising through Syria and Iraq to Iran. In effect, that movement and informal alliances has been formed from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. The power grid could shake the balance of power in the region—and Hussein may be an early victim.

—BARBARA WRIGHT in Beirut, with William Leach in Washington.

## Wooring back minority voters



The Reagans meet the Buffers, a faction in political opportunism

By Michael Posner

**R**eaders of *Washington Post* one morning last week—a nation of political observers in the capital—Ronald Reagan faced a disturbing story on page 1. The Buffers, a black family living in a predominantly white Maryland suburb, had been awarded \$25,000 in civil damages as compensation for a 1977 Ku Klux Klan cross burning on their lawn. In short order, the presidential limousine, a phalanx of aides, police, Secret Service agents and the media descended on the justifiably dumb attack butlers. The president emerged, racism was denounced, the cameras rolled and the outrage was soon heralded by brass bands to the White House.

The telegenic visit was a model lesson in political opportunism, demonstrating to skeptics that the president does indeed care about black Americans. But what it chiefly symbolized was the White House's recognition of a distressing political reality: the gulf separating the president's dubious compassionate view of black problems and the contrary public perception of that view.

It is an uncomfortable situation for

Reagan. Republican party fortunes in the midline congressional campaigns are already facing enough slings and arrows without the additional burden of a hostile black electorate. At the very least, the nation's present Republican must do nothing before November to alienate blacks and drive them to the polls in large numbers to elect the next Democrat.

It is that irrefutable logic that requires not only the president's brief recalcitrance to Maryland but his swift and enthusiastic acceptance, last week of a Senate compromise plan to expand the Voting Rights Act. More than any other piece of civil rights legislation, the 1965 act revolutionized politics in America—especially in the Deep South. In outlawing literacy tests, poll taxes and other overt forms of racial discrimination, the VRA helped reverse black voter registration in the South to more than 50 per cent from less than 30 per cent. The number of

black holding elective office rose by a factor of 38. Among civil rights groups and black colleges, protection of the VRA is, not surprisingly, a sacred trust.

But in the intervening years, states and cities have found new ways to avoid sharing power with their black constituents. A typical avoidance scheme is to gerrymander districts or convert to at-large elections, which effectively dilute minority strength. The VRA challenges that kind of subterfuge by requiring administrative in 50 states—usually those with histories of discrimination—to seek "pre-dissemination" of electoral system changes with Washington. Since 1973, the justice department has tested 50 such changes in Mississippi alone. And last week, the department's civil rights division blocked an Alabama plan to redraft electoral districts. The reorganization, wrote Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Huelskamp, does "not appear to have been necessary to any legitimate government interest."

Despite the act, discrimination persists. In one Mississippi county, where blacks comprise some 43 per cent of the population, all five county supervisors elected in 1980 were white. Not only that, a controversial Supreme Court decision (*Mobile vs. Bolden*, 1980) threatens to make legal challenges by blacks more difficult. Violation of the VRA, the court ruled, must be proven to have been deliberate. If the standard were simply the usual of electoral changes—and not the reverse—it would lead changes inevitably to a quota system. In that case, any change producing black representation less than its strict statistical percentage of population would be found discriminatory. As Mr. Justice Stevens wrote in the *Mobile* decision: "The Court has been

Gale, "totally of circumstances"



sternly set its face against the claim, however phrased, that the constitution somehow guarantees proportioned representation."

Ronald Reagan and his fellow conservatives use this argument to lobby against a House of Representatives amendment—passed last fall—that would have mandated vigorous use of the act by the effects criterion. The House bill had the support of a dew liberal majority and—

passed to a log and potentially bitter law fight—it would have provided that neither Congress nor the White House could afford a divisive debate on racial issues. Politics dictated a compromise.

Last week, the amendment was found—opposed by the improbable figure of Representative Bob Dole (R-Kan.) and endorsed by all but a small cadre of stalwart conservatives. Dole's amendment would make neither instant nor effects the sole test of electoral discrimination. Instead, it sets courts to examine the "totality of circumstances"—including histories of discrimination and patterns of racially polarized voting. It would also permit states with offense-free records to fall out of the pre-dissemination requirement. Finally, the compromise adds language that opens the Congress' opportunity to any racial quotas.

For politicians, particularly Republicans with large minority voting blocks, the Senate version is the best of all possible bills. Like the president's evasive, the virtuous Blacks, they have shown sensitivity to minority concerns while yielding little ground. For jurists, however, the compromise may prove less salutary. Determining exactly what "totality of circumstances" means in any given case is likely to produce years of protracted litigation. And the impact on civil rights in America may yet be profound. □

## Hinckley's days of reckoning

**A**fter 12 months of preparation—psychological probing and, more recently, legal wrangling—a federal court in Washington last week set terms to its investigation of the so-called assassination of President Ronald Reagan.

The fact that the attempt took place was not at issue. John W. Hinckley Jr. was arrested by Secret Service agents outside the Washington Hilton, a suicide attempt in his hands. What is in dispute is whether or not the 28-year-old Hinckley was of sound mind when he shot the president and three of the men around him. Hinckley faces 13 charges as a result of the shootings. And a favorable ruling—that he was not responsible for his actions at the time—could make the difference between a life sentence and freedom after a few years' treatment in an institution.

In the opening week of the trial, Hinckley's most powerful advocate, Granger, was his mother, JoAnn Hinckley. For the most part, she reverently broke down on occasion at the pangs of her own testimony relating to

the inadequacy of her son—and perhaps of the wealthy parents (his father is a Denver attorney) who tried hard but failed to make him the middle-class success his background clearly preordained.

Hinckley, and his mother, was "haunted, depressed and despairing" for weeks before the shooting. But his troubles had first surfaced much earlier. After a few unhappy years as a college student, he had started to go downhill, becoming more and more withdrawn, more and more antisocial. He drifted, living on the streets, borrowing

money, hiding at everything he tried and returning home—each time a seemingly hopeless case. On one occasion Hinckley's parents allowed him to cash \$5,000 worth of stock in his father's company, part of his inheritance, to take a working sabbatical at Yale. But he lasted only a week. His clothes, he said, were different from those of his fellow students.

In desperation, on psychiatric advice, the family devised "The Plan"—a schedule to get Hinckley out of the house and onto his own feet. Overcoming her fear that he was on depressed he

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Hickley's parents: psychological drama

might take his own life. Mrs. Hickley pressed ahead with it—driving her son to Denver airport to launch him on yet another venture. The money was marked. The Plan was supposed to mature on March 30, 1982—the day he shot the president.

John Hickley will be followed on the stand this week by a small army of psychologists and psychiatrists who will testify in support of the contention that her son did not know what he was doing. There will no doubt be a lot of Hickley's marital attention with actress Jodie Foster, a freckles at Yale when he made his brief appearance there. As many as 36 poems found by police after the shooting were addressed to her. One of them, *A Reluctant Sonnet*, appeared to forebode his intention. "Critique you say this net of mine," wrote Hickley. "I trust you'll appreciate the romantic reasons. One final stand and the poet went due."

Whatever view the court takes about his sanity, Hickley will be spared that fate. And there may be some justice in the fact. None of his victims actually died, though two, presidential Press Secretary James Brady and fellow officer Thomas Delahanty, suffered injuries from which they will never fully recover. But for them, as for their baggage assistant, justice is a relative affair.

—WILLIAM LOWMYER in Washington

## Mending the battered budget

A year ago, when Washington and much of the nation was mesmerized by Ronald Reagan's appeal, the White House's political scene plan was pure and simple. Only the president's economic program mattered. Everything else was subordinate, anything liable to distract attention was deferred. The tactic was brilliantly successful. But the same cannot be said of the results of Reaganomics. To misquote the president's economic vision now resembles a surge. Unemployment nudged last month to a 10-year high. Bankruptcy is rampant. Neither the money markets nor the business community seems moved by the administration's long-tough approach. That baggy days are almost here again.

The new Reagan strategy is the obverse of his predecessor. Now, these issues that the president last year was too preoccupied to address are suddenly factoring in the Rose Garden: school prayer, tuition tax credits, voting rights, disarmament talks, foreign aid and school busing. When in trouble change-the-subject is an old and often reliable political maneuver, and it may even serve the president in public-opinion polls.

But the diversion is not likely to change the basic subject of American politics: discourse the 1982 budget and its \$162-billion deficit. The president has blamed the situation on 40 years of economic mismanagement, his own policies, in private, will soon deliver the cure. Democrats claim the deficits result inevitably from Reagan's three-year 25-per-cent tax cut.

Whatever the cause, the swollen federal debt has become an anvilous hamstringing the U.S. economy. Without congress-

ional action to bring down deficits and—in it is devoutly hoped—interest rates, the balance will likely continue. But with the collapse 30 days ago of the White House's bipartisan debt-cutting exercise, the 1982 budget debate has become Washington's hottest political football, and the battle will be fought in the congressional election campaign.

Reagan's opening gambit was a quick, high-profile embrace of a Senate budget committee proposal to bring the 1982 deficit down to a tolerable \$108.1 billion. Designed by Senator Pete Domenici (R-N.M.), the plan would raise \$65 billion in taxes over the next three years, freeze discretionary spending levels, slash the vast entitlement programs, barely touch military allocations and allocate \$40 billion from projected social-security expenditures. These figures, however, are round and loose, the specific cuts and tax hikes are unclear.

Washington's guess is that the Domenici-Reagan plan was passed in the Republican Senate but that it will face stiff opposition in the Democrat-controlled House of Representatives. Almost certainly the president will revert to his now-familiar technique: inviting potential allies into the Oval Office for little ceremonies of public persuasion. One possible angary, a statement by Texas Phil Gramm, leader of the conservative Democrats, that there was nothing in the Domenici budget plan that he could not accept.

In the next month—driven by the Reagan administration, the ball is now squarely in House Speaker Tip O'Neill's court. At 80, the speaker is not as agile as he once was. He is reported, however, to have a wicked backhand.

—MICHAEL PRINCE in Washington

Downsize with Senate opponent Ronald Hickley: the numbers are round and loose



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# Quebec's week of tumult and backlash

By Anne Belrose

**M**ontreal high-school students battled police in the streets during protests over plans to raise even more levies to 40 per cent from \$6.41 at the same time, the *Quebecois Front*, representing 300,000 public employees, ignored government pleas for a wage freeze. And that caused the third postponement of the introduction of the next provincial budget, whose provisions depend heavily on raising or abolishing levies through the proposed savings in civil-service salaries. But in the face of Quebec's pressing economic and social problems, the national assembly seemed important last week—responding only to a heated controversy over changes that the Parti Québécois had hoped to introduce to reinforce federal power during (disputed) federal-provincial talks.



Ryan is left sitting in the middle, but where does he stand?

French or English, wherever is the language of their parents, where numbers warrant, that Article 1 of the Constitution also specifies that the rights and freedoms of Canadians can be restricted if it can be proved that a free and

**With the federal-provincial battle lines clearly drawn, Claude Ryan's position is anything but consistent**

democratic society can justify the restrictions.

The father of Quebec's language law, Bill 101 (which limits access to English schools to children of parents who were educated in English in Quebec's *Conseils Locaux*, and that the justification for Quebec's stance on the language of edu-

cation is that "the charter of the French language is the instrument of our survival and is vital to our future" Bill 101 will block the mother-tongue provision of the charter unless it is approved by the members of the national assembly, the daily elected representatives of Quebecers. With the Parti Québécois safely in control of the assembly and with Bill 101 already in the books, the federal-provincial battle lines are clearly drawn.

For his part, Quebec Liberal Leader Claude Ryan was left sitting awkwardly in the middle, a position that has made him uncomfortable before. In the past year, although his claims he has been consistent, Ryan has been provoked by the jumping from one side to the other in the constitutional debate. He supported a PQ condemnation of proposed unilateral initiatives by Ottawa while subsequently refusing to denounce the end result of the constitutional talks still, he

disapproves of the Constitution itself—and his constituency has lost him considerable party support. Now Ryan's recent party ranks on the national question and 25 went to Ottawa to see the Queen despite Ryan's objections. Now, on Bill 62, Ryan is siding with the federal government. "The Constitution is the law of the land and must be respected," he said. Although the federal government managed to win unanimous party backing for that stand, it seemed destined to puzzle the electorate.

Ryan's own preferences on the language of education in the so-called "Canada clause" which would provide English schooling in Quebec for children of people who had studied in English anywhere in Canada. Now, Ryan seems to hope voters will support his general stand if they only think about it long enough—a belief he has changed in the past. Ryan's position, however, in that time may be being swayed by his own party pressure to force him from the leadership.

Since losing the provincial election a year ago, Ryan has been the object of scorned and open attacks on his competence, personality and political acumen. By midwinter it seemed that the Quebec Liberal party stood for nothing but internal dissension. Then, at a party council meeting in February, a pro-tem's agreement was reached to leave Ryan alone, giving him a few months of peace to consider his future before a full leadership review. Most assumed he would quietly resign, in the great tradition of defeated Quebec Liberal leaders. But Ryan joined the party to close it up, eliminating the backroom operators and their policy-making demons. Now he seems determined to leave only in the way he came in by a democratic vote.

Those who want Ryan to quit have not lived up to the February agreement. Says Ryan critic Liberal MP Lise Thériault: "This leadership is discussed all over the place. People ask all the time when he's going to resign. The majority wants him to go." It is clear that Ryan will not respect the view of the majority. Last week, for the first time, he took it upon himself to address publicly the vexatious crisis of his leadership, and another Quebec political battle was under way. Ryan told Montreal his answer: "If I have to choose between my principles and my job, I'll choose my principles. But I'll try to keep both."

**Levesque: new on the order paper**



## A convenient slip of the tongue

By David Thomas

**E**ven in normal times Montreal's moderate rightwingers are a crossbreed of human contradictions, seldom checked only by the occasional shafting of charges mingled with cynically turned lawyers, publicists and criminals become virtually indispensable in their best courtroom double-acts, and obviously important, positive places, particularly in just married couples in political fights. But rarely has there been an older juxtaposition than last Friday when Quebec Justice Minister Marc-Aurèle Blaisard invited anti-unionist Montrealer in honor at Police Week. One hour after his chief prosecutor was trying to convict 17 powerful or former members of crimes related to political terrorism. The irony bartered when—the justice minister rose to review the police honor guard—would have been down from Courtroom 411 that the seat case against the first of the 17 federal cops had distinguished in a mistrial.

The blame for the judicial apostasy squarely with the minister's boss, Premier René Lévesque. The minister's intransigent public attack on the credibility of a key defence witness caused Quebec Superior Court Judge Claude Borneau-Jacques to rule that a fair trial had become impossible. Now the second officer, RCMP Insp. Claude Vermeire, must return to court on Aug. 30 to have a date set for a new trial or chances that in 1973 he and 10 other police officers stole computer tapes containing the membership list of the Parti Québécois. Vermeire, of course, the Quebec government decided to withdraw the charges against Vermeire and the other policemen facing accusations ranging from the theft of documents to the bearing of a bribe and promoting techniques in the recruiting of informants.

Not only that, there were suggestions that the mistrial was welcomed—more provoked—by the provincial government, which may have been alarmed at the turn of testimony last week. Lévesque had been clearly warned before his startling remarks about the trial last Wednesday that he had no right to make such comments because he could prejudice a matter before the courts. The mistrial was declared because of the premier's characterization of witness Robert Potvin as a "miser" or "lunk" after Potvin testified that a spy ring had used prostitution to pry information from federal politicians and police servants.

On the surface, it appeared that the premier had been pushed into reckless anger in the national assembly by Lib-

eral Opponents Leader Claude Ryan, who had demanded that Lévesque confirm or deny the allegation that PQ Mata Harin had traded sex for secrets. That, according to a defense lawyer who claims to have seen documentary evidence of such sexual activity, Lévesque's outburst may have been carefully calculated to abort the trial and prevent further testimony on the alleged use of prostitution—under the control of a highly placed PQ figure. Said lawyer Arthur Caspeau after the mistrial: "Maybe Mr. Lévesque considered that it was getting a little too hot for comfort and that it was time to bring this trial to an end." As a lawyer representing two of the accused RCMP officers, Caspeau was awarded high-level security clearance so that he could see documents necessary in the preparation of the defence case. He said that the documents, if presented in court, would have detailed the operations of the alleged prostitute spy ring. "We were not blocking," he declared. "The contents of these files would confirm and corroborate everything that was said in court and they would give names and dates."

It was federal Solicitor General Robert Kaplan who blocked introduction of the files that defense lawyers claim are

**Vermeire: a master of political turnouts**



crucial to their case. Kaplin used a non-instrumental section of the Federal Court Act to refuse to release the files on the grounds of national security. Not even the judge could review their contents. Whether they are indeed a menace to national security, the files necessarily also include the identities of the alleged prostitutes and back-channel clients, including federal politicians and bureaucrats.

The use of prostitutes by PQ agents was just one of the undercover activities described by defence witnesses in an attempt to justify the breaches as necessary in the interests of Canadian security. Potvin, who was second in command of the RCMP's anti-subversive "O" Section, said PQ spying activities in the early 1970s were not organized by present party members. He claimed that the alleged spy ring leader had trained in underwater demolition, technique and that the RCMP had discovered a plan to blow up the Interprovincial bridge between Ottawa and Hull, Que.

A federal civil servant who claims to have classified documents had allegedly agreed to supply the PQ spies with whatever they wanted, and those they attempted to recruit members of the RCMP as informants. But what really convinced the Minister that Canadian security was at stake, Potvin testified, were indications that foreign espionage agents had become involved in the PQ—had fears that military secrets had made their way into hostile hands via the informant spy network.

Around 1970, an official in Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's office asked the RCMP to investigate whether the PQ had received \$200,000 from a foreign government. The money, according to the official, had been donated through two businesses operating in Quebec. Favia added that Trudeau's office "very strongly suggested that we verify this information."

That was Potvin's clearest explanation for the decision to break into the offices of Les Messageries Dynamiques, steal the computer tapes containing the PQ membership list, copy them and then return the tapes—all during the night of Jan 8, 1973. The RCMP had hoped that the list of some 100,000 names would help them track down the fugitive donor. But little was gleaned from the tapes, he said, and none of it was ever recorded in official files. Said Potvin: "The information obtained was not sufficiently valuable to risk exposing the source."

Despite his French-Canadian name, Potvin was uncomfortable in French and he testified in English through an interpreter before the 11-member French-speaking jury. And it is perhaps a measure of Ottawa's distrust in the early 1970s that RCMP authorities would

make an anglophone responsible for anti-subversive operations. In earlier testimony, former staff Sgt. Gilbert Albert said the RCMP had decided not to inform Quebec provincial police of German infiltration of the PQ because the Minister believed the provincial force itself had been infiltrated. He claimed that a highly placed PQ member had been warned to flee the country before he could be arrested under the War Measures Act during the 1970 October Crisis. Still, because of the federal minister's refusal to allow 13 secret documents into evidence, Minister testimony was more damning than revealing.



Artist's conception of alleged break-in.

It was not the first time that there have been reports of foreign intrigue and political spying involving the Quebec independence movement. During the presidency of Charles de Gaulle, French activities in Canada around federal youth and in 1968 resulted in the expulsion of Philippe Rossillon. Canada's new prime minister at the time, Pierre Trudeau, labelled Rossillon a "secret agent." For his part, Rossillon claimed that as head of the Paris-based Committee for the Defense and Expan-

sion of the French Language he was merely in Canada to show children's books, language teaching and French restaurants. But Rossillon was certainly close to de Gaulle and he was instrumental in arranging a \$400,000 grant from France to the Montreal, N.B., French-language daily newspaper *L'Espresso*. In 1971, France gave the Liberal government of Robert Borden \$250,000 to promote the primacy of French. At the same time, there were reasons that France had slipped a \$200,000 donation to the PQ. Similarly, stories of PQ intelligence operations in Ottawa have also been passed before, and Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau has acknowledged that he had a network of federal contacts while the party was in opposition. Trial testimony did not name the alleged PQ spy master but revealed that his RCMP code name was "Eylertsen."

There was an unusual third presence in the courtroom last week: a table of lawyers representing the solicitor general, much of whom closely connected to the Liberal party and experienced in keeping politically delicate information away from public scrutiny. One of them, Allan Laffy, is Trudeau's former executive assistant. Another, Joe Blaw, was a law-school classmate of Pomy Caswell. Clerk Michael Patfield, the senior federal official in charge of security matters. The third was Michel Robert, who co-ordinated and covered federal control over the federalist groups that operated in Quebec after the PQ's election in 1975.

All three men represented the Trudeau government during the inquiry into their wrongdoing charged by Judge David McDonald. When defence lawyers moved to introduce federal documents as evidence for the Marquis, one of the federal lawyers would jump to his feet to prevent it. They invoked a section of the Federal Court Act that allows Kaplin simply to suppress the introduction of documents on the basis of his own assessment of their potential harm to national security. Significantly, Kaplin did not use another section of the same law that would have allowed the judge to rule on their implications to national security.

If a verdict had not been declared, the defence lawyers would likely have asked Judge Berthelette-Jones to direct a not-guilty verdict because Kaplin had denied them evidence essential to the defence. Said lawyer Carignan, whose two clients are still awaiting a trial date: "I think it has become quite obvious that these poor formalists are passing up a chance given to them by the federal and provincial governments."

With Robert Levine in Ottawa.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA

## The high cost of expensive tastes

For Peter Hyndman, British Columbia's possible minister of consumer affairs, 1981 will be remembered less as the year he finally became a cabinet minister than as a time when he became known for his high-priced tastes—fringed at public expense. The details of his expensive accounts for most of the year are now known in shocking minutiae.

They range from 68-cent cartons of milk, bought from a legislature-owned booth, to a lavish \$374.57 dinner for six people that included four bottles of Pilsner-Pilsal white wine at \$71.60 a bottle. The details are contained in 700 pages of documents assembled by the 49-year-old former lawyer in less than 12 months. They became public only after *Allyce Patis*, a court secretary who worked in Hyndman's ministry until she resigned in December, 1981, signed the expense claims and turned them over to the New Democrats, a party she had joined earlier that year.

For his part, the Opposition looked over the mountain of paper and leaked it to *The Vancouver Sun*, which contained Hyndman's restaurant bills, airline travel and trips for two months. When the newspaper representatives of the state legislature—on the same date Questions raised about the apparent conflict may be answered by an investigation of Hyndman's expenses and various books now being conducted by the provincial auditor general.

The whole affair, with details of the red snapper escaped at a dinner at St. George's, one of the best restaurants in Vancouver, is embarrassing to a government preaching the need for restraint as unemployment rises and the provincial economy remains sluggish. Hyndman himself is trying to keep publicity as the Opposition roasts him for prelate spending and sloppy bookkeeping. "All of the questions posed are answerable," he said when accounts of his expense claims first emerged. "A number of the statements,

although he does remember ordering Hyndman at the restaurant two days later. There are other conflicting claims for expenses which in many cases were filed months after the event. This voucher is for a Hyndman flight from Vancouver to Victoria on Feb. 24, 1981, while another is for a \$1,500 trip to Seattle, Ariz.—where Hyndman met

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Hyndman having coffee: 60¢ milk, \$27.30 wine and leaked accounts

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## The heated school house question

Canada is sometimes considered by outsiders to be a country incapable of governing. But some of its worst and most disjointed processes often do not seem much easier. Last week, two ministers in the Tory-ruled cabinet of Ontario Premier William Davis squared off in a heated dispute taking place over a little town perched on the squaggy shore of Lake Superior, 1,800 winding highway kilometres northwest of the Queen's Park headquarters. The subject of contention is between Ontario's tough Education Minister Reitz Stephens and Northern Affairs Minister Leo Benier. Stephens is determined that his department will not interfere in a decision by the local school board to close the high school in the town of Schreiber, Ont. For his part, Benier declares that the province must step in to resolve the dispute. "A school is the heart and soul of a small community," says Benier. "Everything revolves around it. Take away the school and the community dies."

The fight is a microcosm of battles being waged in dozens of small communities across Canada. So bitterly do residents of Schreiber op-

pose that if you can't fight city hall, try the province.

While the politicians continue their backroom maneuvering, the director of the Lake Superior Board of Education, Margaret Twomey, is under the most pressure in Schreiber itself. The immediate target of most of the outrage is not surprised by the strength of the

six to eight graduates a year while the Terrace Bay elementary school sends 85 to 90 graduates on to high school. Having itself is not the issue, because about 40 students are already bused to take advantage of the Terrace Bay school's trade shops while 40 a day travel west to take the Schreiber school's business courses.

"Our mandate is to provide our students with first-class education, the kind they could expect to get in Toronto," says school board Chairman Larry Highbeck. "We can't do that operating two schools, and there's no chance the board will change its mind." Between them, the two high schools could at one time accommodate 885 students, but enrolment is now down to 345 and expected to drop to 305 over the next decade—and enrolment is declining faster in Schreiber than in Terrace Bay.

Probably the real sore point, as Margaret Twomey suggests, is the loss of the school as a community away. For years, just about every dance, wedding reception and service club gathering in Schreiber was held in the high school, and even after a proper community centre was built last year, there is a night at the school.

If there was any out of the dilemma, it may be found when the Schreiber citizens' committee journeys 396 km west to Terrace Bay this week to meet with Ontario's deputy minister of education, Harry Fisher. But it will not be easy. Tom Quinlan, a teacher at the Schreiber school, says "We don't want him to overturn the board's decisions. All we want him to do is listen." And, the citizens hope, to agree to a moratorium on the closure until school board elections are held in November. But if not, warns the normally mild-mannered Quinlan, "The first time someone tries to board up a window there will be blood spilled. Come hell or high water, this school will be open in Schreiber."

—ROSEMARY WILSON in Terrace Bay



Schreiber students playing hockey in Thunder Bay's schools at Queen's Park.

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## Waving towels and kissing 'em goodbye



Jubilee Canucks celebrates with Brodeur, somehow it has all fallen together

By Malcolm Gray

In recent years if the Vancouver Canucks were noted for anything it was for having the ugliest uniforms in the National Hockey League and for making quick exits from the playoffs—if the team managed to get into them at all. Spring for the Canucks was a line of no-name jerseys in Halloween shades of orange, black and yellow shuffling rough handknives with the vicious Burke's Bats on 'em. But not this year. The bubblelike uniforms, designed (by a San Francisco communications firm four years ago for \$100,000) to make the team look more aggressive, are finally working, and Canucks players are posturing victoriously. It's May, and the team is in the Stanley Cup final against the New York Islanders.

The last time that a club from the city actually won the Cup was in the 1914-1915 season when the Millionaires topped people on the West Coast from thinking about touch warfare in Fraser for a while. Now the city is going completely crazy over the Canucks. There are signs all around Vancouver, outside hotels, gas stations and restaurants, supporting the team. So many people called the dick artists looking for tickets during the L.A. series that telephone circuits blew out all over the neighborhood.

The Pacific Coliseum used to be one of the least risky in the league—a safe, still place where players could be heard calling out to each other as they moved up the ice. That was before the fans started to believe that the team could eliminate favored Calgary, Los Angeles and Chicago to reach the final. Now the joint is ever quiet, and if the shouting stops, the arena player prints the place with "No-no-hey-hey, no-no-hey-hey, Calgary/Los Angeles/Chicago goodbye." Who cares if the Vancouver fans find the old sack race from Quebec Nordiques supporters and made it their song. The constant choruses grated last week on the nerves of Chicago Black Hawk players already frustrated by their failure to beat a short, stocky gooselander from Longwood, Que. named Richard Brodeur. It wasn't too heartening for the Hawks to look into the stands either, as the Coliseum resembled a sane-day laundry with thousands of people waving white towels, the symbol of the Canucks this year.

Tiger Nilsson, the coach known as Captain Veto for his intellectual and electronic view of the game during career stops in Toronto and Buffalo, started all that when he showed what he thought of the offending by raising a towel on the end of a hockey stick in a game the Canucks were losing in Chicago. A handful of his players followed

suit, and the apocalyptic display of surrender was not lost on his squad. The Hawks and the league were not amused. Nilsson was fined \$1,000 and had to post a \$10,000 bond. Typical of Nilsson's style, the gesture was aimed at his players' pockets. It reaped dividends, as they won the next two games. It hit home with the fans, too. The team was met at the airport by people waving towels. But Dave (Tiger) Williams, who can sense a business deal developing, lost out on this one. He couldn't find anyone who could guarantee a supply of towels for sale at the next home game.

Bruce Girdard did, though. Girdard saw time used to warm up for his role as defensive tackle for the B.C. Lions by hanging his head against his locker, but these days he has an interest in a schism of stars willing to part. When the third game of the Chicago series came around, he was outside the rink with towels printed with the message CANUCKS TAKE NO PRISONERS. Girdard figures to sell 10,000 of the things at \$5 each before the final one. He is almost ready with the longest towel in the world, looking for a sponsor for material that will stretch around the 490-m circumference of the Coliseum.

Officer plays and bylines aside, the Canucks have vaulted into the finals by adhering to "Ned's" grinding defensive game plans and accepting to broadcast line-changing, which has shut down opponents' sharpshooters. But all the Canucks and Nilsson agree that the biggest reason for their success is a short guy who looks as if he should have to pay to get into a rink. Richard Brodeur has been around for a while. He's 25 and at five feet, seven inches was good enough to play for the Quebec Nordiques for seven years in the old World Hockey Association. When the league merged with the NHL, though, the Nordiques drafted him off to Long Island. He was going nowhere until he was traded to the Canucks in 1980. He quickly took over the first-string job and before the final series began he had lost only two of 13 games in the playoffs, prompting one Canucks sign, EDWARD COULD HAVE THE PASSAUNGER. Somehow, it has all fallen together—a hot gooselander, a coach who's not supposed to take over as much until next year and a bunch of guys who need their names on the backs of their sweaters in order so he is respected here and in the final. The Canucks are an advertisement on ice for the work ethic.

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# More rhetoric as the economy dwindles

By James Fleming

The main theme of last week's emergency debate in the House of Commons was of singular importance. Outlined by the recent collapse of the \$13.5-billion Alameda project and a two-year delay in the building of the Alameda Gas Pipeline, opposition Conservative and New Democrat MPs launched a vitriolic attack on what they called the government's crippled economic strategy. But for the observers in the public galleries, the spectacle in the Great Debate provided a less-than-entertaining counterpart. Early in the session, while impassioned speeches echoed in the almost-empty chamber, MPs anxiously slipped out to watch the hockey playoffs. Then Liberal faces turned back only after Deputy Speaker Leader David Smith brought the debate to a temporary halt on Wednesday by calling for a head count, which showed that only 39 MPs—instead of the 30 needed for a quorum—were present. Smith was apparently trying to carry off a small-scale replay of the hush-hanging head count in December, 1970, that brought down the Conservative government. But Smith's tactic last week backfired, and the next day, conceding it had been "unprecedented," the Liberals were approved to have the debate resumed.

Although the move by Smith served to break the momentum of the opposition attack, it was clear that the week's 30 hours of debate provided the opposition parties with ample time to fire their supply of verbal bolts at the government. The major focus of the continued assault was the government's National Energy Program. Leading off the debate, Conservative leader Joe Clark charged that the government was embarked on a "working policy" that has driven energy investment and more than 300,000 jobs out of the country. Probably the best barb, however, came from former Conservative finance minister John Crosbie. He attacked Energy Minister Mary Lalonde, Finance Minister Allan Rock and Industry Minister Herb Gray as the "four horsemen of the economic apocalypse"—then added that they represent "one more of the horse. And that was not the head."

For his part, MP Leader Ed Broadbent defended the government's strategy of using natural resource management as the key to economic development. A better tack, he declared, would



Protagonists Mulroney (above) and Clark; key counterpointed by Gray



be to increase investment in the manufacturing sector.

Fortunately for the Liberals, the special debate took place before the latest unemployment figures were released. At week's end Statistics Canada reported that the jobless rate soared to a post-Depression record of 13.2 million in April. The seasonally adjusted unemployment level now stands at a staggering 4.6 per cent.

In the Commons debate, the attacks on the government lost their sting somewhat because of the dominating use of their target audience—at one point, Edmonton Tory Marcel Landry accused the government of "double standards" while only two Liberals sat across from him. The Liberals eventually responded with retorts, however. Although he missed the first 20 hours of debate, Lalonde returned on Wednesday to argue that the goal of achieving self-sufficiency in oil by 1990 had not been sacrificed. Congratulating Canadians on cutting their oil consumption by seven per cent over the past year, Lalonde said this saved more oil than would have been produced by Alameda. Lalonde's prediction was also based on his hopes that officials of the east coast of Canada and in the Beaufort Sea would eventually make up for the loss of Alameda.

If it was any consolation to the Liberals, they were not the only ones subjected to a torrent of political abuse. Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed was also under attack from opposition MPs who charged him with complicity in the failure of Alameda. "Lougheed is finished now," declared Sacred Opposition Leader Ray Spence. He added: "Had Lougheed not held up the start of Alameda in 1974, we would have the pipeline on stream today." (In 1979 Lougheed put the project on hold pending an energy agreement with the federal government.)

As the political attacks subsided at week's end in the federal and Alberta sessions, it was uncertain how great a political toll the energy setbacks would take on the governing parties. For his part, Lougheed will find out in the provincial elections expected next spring. The federal Liberals do not face the same immediate problem. But last week's debate—and the news of the record unemployment rate—made certain that they will continue their deliberations on how to reverse Canada's slumping economy with added urgency.

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## The Javelin plot thickens

The tangled web of intrigue that comprises the Canadian Javelin bid saga was slowly unraveling last week in an Ottawa hearing room. While the main story in the drama, former Javelin president John C. Doyle, remains safely ensconced in Panama, attention shifted to an alleged hit player, Joey Smallwood. The only surviving Father of Confederation found his name on what investigators suspect is a Doyle secret list, beside the number 31 325 and the sum \$775,000. In another piece of evidence seized in 1978 by the RCMP from Doyle's Montreal apartment, the signature "Joseph R. Smallwood" appeared twice on an undated application for account number 31 325 at a Swiss bank. Federal investigators have yet to prove the authenticity of the signature or that any payment was made. The Swiss bank will not talk to them and neither will Smallwood.

Smallwood maintains he is innocent from questioning by the Revenue Trade Protection Committee in a case to be heard soon by the Supreme Court of Canada, the former Newfoundland premier argues that his oath as premier prevents him from speaking about internal cabinet dealings.

Federal investigators allege that Doyle arranged to sell his own company, a "northern" Labrador timber concession, for just under \$4 million. A fac-

ely until the Supreme Court decides, he is currently represented by lawyer Joel Stiefel at the hearings. To accuse Mr. Smallwood of the accusations that are contained in the report of the inspector is to accuse the province of Newfoundland of a wrongdoing, and he [Smallwood] does not talk to that lightly," Stiefel thundered last week.

Amidst the other convoluted business dealings of John Doyle, the episode purported to include Smallwood plays a role

actively minor part. Federal investigators have spent millions of dollars since 1977 tracking Doyle through Swiss banks, Luxembourg holding companies, Central American firms and Labrador timber concessions. Shareholder discontent has been rife for years, and, last April 3, Montreal Judge Melville Rothstein finally placed the company in the hands of a receiver and suspended the board of directors along with all payments to Doyle. Rothstein noted that the board had paid Doyle \$19 million in "consulting fees" in 1980 and 1981 and had also agreed to pay about \$2 million of his personal back taxes—that on top of the fact that the troubled company has paid more than \$4 million in legal fees during the past two years Doyle left Canada in 1974. He was later charged with fraud and breach of trust, and he is now a citizen of Panama.

Taken together with his lengthy tax battle with Revenue Canada, the investigation and prosecution of John Doyle and Canadian Javelin (now Javelin International) have been one of the most costly such actions ever mounted in Canada. Graham Leighton, the senior counsel lawyer representing Doyle at the hearings, has requested that the commission visit Panama to question the receiver.

That may be the only way that the mystery surrounding his activities—encompassing the alleged involvement of Smallwood—will ever become clear.

—SAN ANTONIO

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## The press barons go on trial

It was not the kind of sensation that first attracted any real flesh in Ottawa's Old City Hall, Ontario provincial court Judge J.L. Addison potentially ready to try a 250,000-word testimony of the evidence that had been considered for eight months. Then, with dramatic reversals, he ordered Canada's two largest newspaper chains—Toronto Newspapers Ltd. and Southern Inc.—to stand trial on three charges of conspiracy to reduce competition and two charges each of misprint and misquoting. The same trial, Judge Addison told, changed into the Thomson organization in 1980) was sent to trial on four similar charges. If convicted on the conspiracy charges alone, the firms could be fined \$1 million on each count.

The means of ending all subject to a publication ban until the trials are complete—started pouring into Judge Addison's courtroom last September when preliminary hearings into the case began. The charges were laid under the Competition Investigation Act following federal government investigations into a series of moves by the chain between 1978 and 1980 that saw three major Canadian cities see newspaper towns and three about 1,700 people out of work. The first newspaper to go was 1978's Montreal Star in September 1979. Its closing left the city's English-language market to the Quebec-controlled Gazette. But the major moves took place on Aug. 25, 1980, when Thomson's newly acquired Ottawa Journal and Southern's Winnipeg Tribune closed their doors with a total loss of 765 jobs. Later that same week, Southern—publisher of Vancouver's The Province—pulled down

its city's market by purchasing Thomson's Vancouver Sun. At the same time, Southern also picked up Thomson's one-third interest in The Gazette.

The preliminary hearing was not the first major examination of the press giants' activities. In August, 1981, the Royal Commission on Newspapers, headed by Thomas Kent, suggested that the chain be forced to sell some holdings in order to reduce the "monstrous" concentration of newspaper ownership created by acquisitions and mergers. While the two chains were warring in their courtrooms of the Kent report, they appeared to be taking last week's setback in stride. Sud Gordon Fisher, president of Southern and an unrepentant conspirator, "I can say I was surprised by the decision." Added the 59-year-old executive: "We're certainly going to defend ourselves actively and we believe we're going to win." The trial is expected to begin this fall in the Supreme Court of Ontario. —LOS ANGELES

In his political memoir, *My Own Brand*, veteran Alberta politician and rancher Jack Horner says he could never tell a lie but could equivoocate with the best. Last week he was doing just that. Amid growing speculation that he had been named chairman of the board of Canadian National Railways, Horner told *Maclean's* that, yes, he was interested in the job. When asked if he had it, however, Horner answered: "I don't think it's fair for me to say. The present chairman, [Jacques Ducharme], is retiring at the end of this month, and they have to appoint a new one, so I think an announcement will be made very soon." In Ottawa, Transport Minister Jean-Luc Poirier acknowledged that Horner's status as a player in the race for Poirier has not been given a recommendation to Prime Minister



Rancher Jack: a cinch for the CNR?

A year and a half ago CMC Radio writer and sensitive performer Ken Pickelman left Toronto to try his luck in New York City. Over cocktails at a party one evening he met *Palmeri* Brock, a choreographer who had been assigned to direct *Grouse II* for Parkwest. One thing led to another, and Pickelman wound up in California writing the continuing saga of *Myrid* High. Now he is set both to write and direct another sequel for the studio—*Alphaville II*. "It is seeming how one credit can make you a hot property in Hollywood," says the faded sceptic. "This is totally ridiculous!" Pickelman will certainly be flying by the seat of his pants when shooting starts this summer, the only restriction he has received from producer Howard Koch is to

retail the original's frantic pace. With *Alphaville* veterans Robert Hays, Julia Margay and Lloyd Bridges on board a space shuttle, *Palmeri* says he will simply "keep most of the action inside, because what do I know from space?" And if *Alphaville II* turns out to be greeted by his critics, Pickelman isn't worried. "I'm doing this and I am getting out of Hollywood." He may have no choice.

Ottawa's renowned National Arts Centre Orchestra finally has a new music director, Franco Mancini, a 55-year-old Sicilian, was chosen last week from a field of 300 candidates to replace Mario Sammartini, who announced his resignation two years ago. Mancini is an internationally acclaimed conductor who was once given a 30-minute standing ovation for his rendition of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony with the Leipzig Philharmonic Orchestra.

"This whole relationship with Mancini has been a loss after what he first conducted the orchestra in 1975," says Costa Pisanich, director of the NAC's department of music. "The orchestra loves him and he loves the orchestra." Mancini begins his two-year tenure in September. Meanwhile, it is still uncertain whether or not his wife, *Sharon*, and daughter, *Marcia*, now living in Rome, will accompany him to Canada. It seems they have a burgeoning marriage to consider one day and two sons. Luckily, they no longer have the insurance issue they once worried about the Roman son. "My father is a victim of our love for animals," says Marcia, who adds that he willingly played flush on the grand piano to let the beast to sleep.

—EDITED BY BARBARA ELLIOTT

Happily, Hays outside the first *Alphaville*: the NAC orchestra's new conductor and artistic adviser Mancini, *Palmeri* and *Sharon*

Nurses picking up legislation in Edmonton long constrained by government bans on strikes and tight bids on salary increases

## HEALTH

## The exploding crisis in medicare

By Linda McQuaig and Val Ross

With his vigorous pitch for free enterprise, Alex McPherson sounds like a rancher or an oil baron. In fact, he is a doctor, head of the Alberta Medical Association, and has taught tall accounts to nothing less than an assault on Canada's medicare system. "It's a most beautiful idea from a philosophical point of view," he says. "But medicare isn't responsible." While McPherson and a number of other Canadian doctors believe Canada should have a limited public health care system to provide "acceptable" care for everyone, they adamantly insist on their right to practice a kind of high-priced medicine wherein the rich would pay more—and get more, including a water choice of suspect and the right to go straight to the front of a waiting list for elective surgery. "Voluntary care can be provided through the public system," he says. "But if you want Cadillac care, you're going to have to pay more for it." McPherson concedes that Voluntary care could jeopardize a patient's health in some cases. "It could make a difference," he declares.

Recent suburbs of doctor *will* suggest the country have elected Canadians to just how determined doctors are to practice medicine as they want to, even if it means imperiling the future

of medicare. Last week the Ontario Medical Association (OMA) and its president, Dr. Lionel Bence, grumbled as they walked away from the bargaining table with a new fee schedule that will bring the average net income for a doctor to \$120,000 in three years. In Quebec and Manitoba, doctors in the throes of negotiations will naturally be influenced by the new Ontario fees and have already threatened their own.

**Taxpayers are forced to choose among opted-out doctors, overcrowded hospitals and rising premiums**

strikes. And crowded hospital wards, long constrained by government bans on strikes and tight bids on salary increases, have vowed to become more militant.

The recent wave of doctor unrest is only the latest signal that medicare is in trouble, staggering under wage demands, inflation and faltering political commitment. To many Canadians it already looks patchy, messy, crisis-prone. Its twin principles of universal

coverage and universal access to quality treatment at times seem as distant as a fading pulse. Tangible signs of growing frustration among opted-out, extra-billing doctors, overcrowded hospitals and rising premiums for the affordable, reliable health care they thought they had been guaranteed when universal medicare became effective in 1960.

The system is increasingly beleaguered in other countries too. Here in Britain, where, in 1940, a man's son, Health Minister Anthony Brown, introduced the National Health Service (NHS), medicare today is a fragile skeleton of its former self, picked apart by doctors and Margaret Thatcher's government. Britain increasingly has a two-tier system, similar to the one envisioned by Alberta's McPherson. The gap between high-class private treatment and the NHS is getting wider. Australia's government has dismantled Medicare, the public plan modeled in part on Canada's workers, leaving two million Australians with no coverage at all.

But if public health schemes appear to be sinking, the alternative seems even worse. In the United States, which has never had universal public health insurance, medical costs have soared dramatically since the early 1970s, to a staggering \$207 billion, or 9.4 per cent of

the Green National Product. Canada has held the fourth to about seven per cent for the past 12 years.) From the individual's point of view, the cost difference is not very striking. Americans pay roughly \$2,000 a year for comprehensive family health insurance more than twice the highest Canadian premiums. With such high rates, many Americans opt for less than comprehensive coverage, and some 26 million Americans have inadequate insurance or none at all. That uninsured group includes some of the most vulnerable members of society—low-income workers, small-business owners, the unemployed and people with health problems that make them unattractive risks to private companies.

Even those with comprehensive coverage still face personal ruin if medical bills mount high enough. One Chicago woman, Loretta Wilson, testified at special U.S. Senate hearings that her extensive Blue Cross and Blue Shield policies were cut off by the company after her medical bill for a series of heart operations had risen to \$20,000. She was left with \$20,000. Even people who do not need medical care end up paying part of the huge national health bill because companies pass along the cost of employee health care benefits to consumers. The Ford Motor Co. estimated that in 1980, 50% of the price of every new car went to pay for health benefits for Ford workers.

Everywhere, health costs are multiplying, largely because of the explosion in research and development technology. Long-term cancer treatments can now cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. In fact, health insurance has only helped drive the costs up by providing the patient with financial protection. With that comfortable cushion there is little incentive for patients—or doctors—to keep spending down, since an anonymous insurance company ends up paying the bill. Furthermore, American doctors now order almost every diagnostic test available to protect themselves from possible malpractice suits. Deryk Adamson, a Toronto senior editor visiting Florida last winter, was shocked to find himself checked into an intensive-care unit for four days of tests after he merely dropped by a hospital for treatment of a mild case of flu. His bill: \$2,500.

While any insurance scheme can foster that kind of frenzied cost spiral, the public system seems to have a better control on costs. In part, it is because the cost of administering centralized public



Mr. Pearson: 'A beautiful idea but realistically impossible.'

medicine in Canada represents only 2.5 per cent of premiums, while in the United States, where companies compete for consumer business, administration can be as high as 15 per cent. More importantly, the private system offers almost no health checks on spending. The costly coronary bypass operation is a good example of what can happen. Once once-consuming and innovative, the operation continues to be marketed at high prices even though it is now a well-established procedure that can be performed in three to four hours. California heart surgeon Dr. Benson Box says the situation has become a "bonedog" in June 1980, California insurers were charging anywhere from \$3,000 to \$4,000 for a bypass, and some were performing two or three a day. In comparison, five Ontario governments would only compensate heart surgery \$700 to \$1,000 for a bypass in 1980.

In terms of costs, Canada has fared relatively well. But even here, it faces high-tech medicine and, increasingly, wage demands have forced costs upward. In private clinics, by Alberta nurses and Drs.

hospitals' hospital workers failed service in the West until the provincial governments legislated them back to work. What galls the strikers is the double standard they see operating: Saskatchewan placed poverty in relation to grant hospital workers who were \$1,000 to \$1,200 a 15 per cent increase although it had just awarded its doctors a 17 per cent raise. And while Ontario doctors were allowed almost to shut down hospitals last month, leaders of Ontario's hospital workers, including 60-year-old Grace Hartman, were sent to jail after a bitter strike last year. Warren Am Holman, Saskatchewan rep for the Canadian Union of Public Employees, "Governments have to budget for us, too, especially when we can't strike—hell."

Doctors simply have more political clout. One of the most effective cards played by the medical association has been the threat that, if dismantled here, doctors will take their marketable skills to the greenback pastures south of the border—on 600 Canadian doctors did last year. And they have not hesitated to hold this threat over those who contest their fee demands. Dr. Justin Messer, a Toronto-area physician, recalls as OMA representative urging his third-year medical school class to write the entrance exams whether they wanted to emigrate to the United States or not, he told the students it would improve the OMA's bargaining position.

If the threat of Exodus still alarms the public, it might hold with governments. Canada surely has one of the world's highest doctor-patient ratios (1:362). Seven years ago the federal government showed its lack of interest in recruiting doctors by dismantling merit points for medical degrees on immigration applications. A University of Ottawa professor of health administration and physician, Dr. Ralph Sutherland, argues that medical school enrolments should be curtailed to free up funds for less costly work in areas such as neuroscience and physiotherapy. Sutherland suggests, "The government should, in fact, subsidize special doctors' flights north."

Those who stay are severely on the breadlines they are the highest-paid income group in Canada. Medical associations have managed to bring the average income figure down partly by mathematical sleight of hand, including part-time doctors in their calculations. One Canadian

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doctor who has gone south observes that while the United States offers better fees, he does not think Canadian doctors are underpaid. "I think what I can see is that income is pretty good," says Washington epidemiologist Dr. Martin Zimmerman (ironically, a statistician head north, patients are heading north). The Ontario Health Insurance Plan is currently investigating circumstances who saw a summer proportion in Canada and who are in their Canadian addresses to sign up for need-based care.)

Negotiated fee increases tell only part of the income story. Doctors in almost all provinces have asked for huge increases by simply extra-billing. Only Quebec and B.C. have had the political will to ban that first step toward a post-merit medical system. Although only two per cent of all bills handled by provincial insurance schemes last year had extra-bills tacked on, the province has become a major sore spot. For one thing, its practitioners tend to cluster in specialties or geographic areas. Fifty per cent of Nova Scotia's GPs, most of them in the Halifax area, do some extra-billing. So do most Toronto obstetricians and anaesthetists, many of Saskatchewan's ear, nose and throat specialists and 80 per cent of all doctors in Medicine Hat, Alta.

The doctors defend extra-billing as a civil right, the right of any worker to negotiate a fair fee rather than accept one imposed by government. Dr. Alex Mandelstam, former president of the B.C. Medical Association, whom his profession's widespread opinion that billing some portion of a medical fee directly to the patient represents a gross abuse of responsibility about health costs, "think would date unnecessary. Most doctors, X-rays, medical opinions and ambulance fees." And, say the doctors, any patient who objects to extra-billing can simply refuse to pay up or get informed elsewhere—or take his medical problems to court.

Not everyone is reassured by these arguments. Don Aiken, spokesman for Alberta's 300,000-member Friends of Medicare group, tells of men where patients were already on their backs, about to be wheeled toward an operating room for life-saving surgery, before they were told about the extra \$750 their insurers intended to deny them. "It's not fair," he says. "It's really concentrated the patients' minds, but they were hardly in a position to refuse to seek out a doctor. In fact, according to a McMaster Univer-

sity study, extra-billing simply means the poor end back to their visits to the doctor. More than 50 per cent of Ontario's poor surveyed for the 1980 report by Mr. Justice Kourilsky claim they had difficulty finding any affordable doctor in their community.

Far from eliminating inefficiency, extra-billing actually exacerbates it. Studies conducted after the Saskatchewan government briefly introduced

undermining public faith in the future of Canada's health care system. Compounding the doubts are stories about the underclass of Canada's hospitals and their lengthening waiting lists, the declining quality of care and the dramatic staff cutbacks. Margaret Ebbes, generalist of the United Nations of Alberta, says a single night-duty nurse may be expected to staff both maternity and emergency wards in smaller hospitals. In one instance, a baby suffered an oxygen shortage in its mother's womb and later developed cerebral palsy.

The problem is cash. According to a CMA survey, more than 60 per cent of all hospitals are operating at a deficit. This month, B.C. Health Minister Jim Nielsen confirmed that 1980 budgets would be insufficient to fund the province's projected hospital deficit of \$84 million. Vancouver General promptly announced that it alone would lose 770 beds and up to 700 jobs.

Doctors have eagerly championed the cause of the underfunded hospitals, partly out of a desire to retain professional control over health care. But University of British Columbia economist Robert Evans adds that doctors have their own vested interest in keeping hospitals well-funded: they need facilities to perform operations and carry out treatments. "An overworked doctor can make more money in a hospital. Hospital cutbacks after incomes." Evans points out that the number of hospital beds per capita in B.C. has remained constant for the past decade, leaving a growing number of doctors in increasing competition for available space.

In fact, doctors may be putting people into hospital too often. Surprisingly, Canadians spend more time in hospital than any other nation, says Evans. "The more sponges there are, the more surgery gets done." And the more beds there are, Evans suggests, the longer the wait. In one instance, a 10-hour operation and post-operative care can take a day in Canada, there to see day. California mothers check out of maternity wards after an average two-day stay. B.C. mothers are encouraged to stay for five.

Nevertheless, the very real problems of Canada's underfunded, understaffed and overused hospitals are being used by both sides in the arguments as an argument for better health care. The very real problems of Canada's underfunded, understaffed and overused hospitals are being used by both sides in the arguments as an argument for better health care. The very real problems of Canada's underfunded, understaffed and overused hospitals are being used by both sides in the arguments as an argument for better health care.

gates could mean funds by subdividing wards into private rooms priced according to whatever the market would bear. Meanwhile, the Alberta, B.C. and Newfoundland governments have passed the health shuntage back in the hospitals, which must pay "cost fees," or raise locked into public insurance-covered bills. Now, charging bad debts has become just one more burden on jobs for the hospitals. According to Vancouver General's accounting department, even middle-class families are defaulting on debts owed for children's cancer treatment.

The real problem with health spending may not be underfunding but lack of rational planning. Being paid on a fee-for-service basis is an incentive to perform as many services as possible. And while it may serve the doctor's desire to feel independent, it does not emphasize the health needs of the patient. Health care consultant Jonathan Lomas says that, instead, it encourages doctors to deal with medical problems only as they arise. The system Chien had exactly the opposite system: a doctor was paid only when a patient did not visit him, on the principle that if the patient had to come in, the doctor had not done his job properly. In the United States the free market has forced this simple logic on its head, with hospitals offering generous perks to "productive" doctors who will provide business by filling up beds.

The Group Health Centre in Seattle, Mr. Martin, says, has tried to get around this problem by collecting payment from the province on the basis of the number of patients it serves, not the number of services it performs. The result is that patients and up spending less time in hospital, and the province estimates that the system reduces the health care costs of its subscribers by about 20 per cent. Without the financial incentive for doctors to provide all services themselves, there is also a greater tendency to let paramedical—nurses, nurse practitioners, dietitians—handle simple medical work. The clinic, which serves 60,000 patients on the island, including 1,000 Americans.

Despite those risks of emigration, Canadian confidence today is shaken by the spectre of medicine's fall in Britain,

There, American medical entrepreneurs have opened private clinics specializing in such quick, lucrative, low-overhead operations as hernias and hip replacements. The move they regard as a very good indeed—Cedillas service in part, that is because they playbook on nearby National Health facilities, borrowing labs, diagnostic services, occasionally even staff. Meanwhile the NHS shoulders the most costly burdens—

saving for everyone else, including the chronically ill and the elderly.

The same distinctions exist in Canada—unless there is renewed political commitment to keeping public medicine affordable and of high quality. Recent fee increases will probably be funded through higher premiums and more user fees. And still, the health care system grows patchwork and cobbled, overmaneuvered by high-priced professionals and oriented to high-cost acute-care interventions. Says University of Ottawa's

Berthelard: "If you really want to improve the health of Canadians, you must spend money outside the health care system—on the environment, pollution control, on urban planning." Berthelard points out that if one-tenth of the \$1 billion granted to Ontario doctors had been allocated instead to community mental health, it would have quadrupled the budgets of that severely strapped sector.

Some doctors argue that the real problem with health care in Canada is not too little but too much government involvement. And they insist that their fight for higher fees and funds for hospitals is motivated by their concern for the interests of the patient. As B.C.'s Mandelstam puts it, "By paying 100 per cent of the sheet, government is interfering on your liberty to find and choose the health care you need." But if the present drift from the principles of universal access and quality coverage continues, it is the patient's liberty to choose medicine that could disappear. Many physicians, he already diagnosed the situation.

With John Gurney in Montreal, Peter Cople-Gordon in Winnipeg, Philip Green and Sydney and William Leathers in Washington.



Joel Stark, 3, nurse Laura Popov in Brampton, Ont.



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# The new perils for the fourth estate



Journalist Brian D. Johnson, wearing elements of Kari and producer Hoffman (on screen)

By Brian D. Johnson

Journalists have traditionally waded into the world's trouble spots confident that they would be awarded such the same special immunity enjoyed by diplomats. Not any longer. Amid the crumbling international structure of war and revolution, members of the media often end up as targets of the regimes they cover. Last week, *the Journal* enjoyed the dubious honor of having correspondents arrested in both Argentina and Ireland. Peter Kari and his crew were held for six hours in a Warsaw police station Monday after their camera caught an all-out-rival fight of riot squads breaking up a Solidarity demonstration. And *Journal* producers Terry Hoffman and his crew finally arrived home on the weekend after being detained for three weeks in the southern Argentine port of Comodoro Rivadavia on a charge of "unauthorized espionage."

Meanwhile, three British journalists, including Joe Myer, a correspondent for *Macdonald's* and the London *Observer's* defense specialist, are still imprisoned in a single Argentine jail cell after being arrested on espionage charges on April 23.

Often drafted as subversives or ideol-

ogues in their home governments, journalists in third-world areas of the world have now been forced into the dangerous Argentine regime, especially in Latin America, are known for their brutal attempts to silence the local press—in Argentina, roughly 300 journalists have been killed or have "disappeared" since the 1973 military coup, and in Guatemala, 36 have been murdered during the past three years. But with increasing frequency such countries are now trying out similar tactics on foreign correspondents.

The most startling incident involved four Dutch newsmen who were held in El Salvador last March while they were on their way to join a rebel camp. Although the Salvadoran army claims they were caught in a cross fire, accounts showed that they had been shot repeatedly at close range. There is not as isolated case. Last summer, Reuters' Robert Burns, a news chief, Bernd Debusmann, was shot in the back with a silenc-

ing pistol as he left a dinner party. A month later, *Macdonald's* own Beirut correspondent, Sean Todan, was found in a gutter, shot and slashed to death. By contrast, the original offender by Hoffman and his two *Journal* colleagues was more one of terror than terror. They were detained for 36 hours, most of it spent "in a cell but in a rather unexciting room," says Hoffman. Finding sufficient evidence to imprison them, as Argentine judges have done them to leave Comodoro Rivadavia, where they stayed in a small hotel until the same judge acquitted them 19 days later. The rest of the media were ordered out of town, leaving the *Journal* crew alone. "We went for walks and played cards," recounts Hoffman.

Ironically, their arrest occurred after local authorities had given them permission to film military activities. "We saw a parade of army trucks," explains Hoffman, "so we started filming. Then two chaps with machine-looking rifles got on our back as we tried to go." Although their arrest appeared to be a misunderstanding, their prolonged detention was, he believes, "used as an example to other journalists. You must be realistic there is a fine line between journalism and espionage-gathering."

For its part, *the Journal*, which has developed an elaborate system for protecting its correspondents, took a proactive approach to restoring the Hoffman team. "The one appeared to be in civil hands, not in military hands," says the *Journal's* executive producer, Mark Shewlow, "and the strategy of letting the civil action run its course seemed to have worked." The program maintains its correspondents' safety with regular phone check-ins and a system of codes to use for communicating in emergency situations. "But your only protection ultimately is the experience and savvy of the crew."

The release of the Canadian raised hopes that the British detainees—Myer and Terry Burns of *The Observer* and Brian Winchester of *The Sunday Times*—might also be set free. But since the slaking of the Argentine cross (General Belgrano) page

14), the reporters have been denied the regular phone calls from their wives that had been guaranteed by their judges. The three were apparently are being well-treated and are allowed to walk around their cellblock or play table tennis during the day. Myer is reportedly leaving Spanish. "They seem to give the day visiting books and writing in their diaries or whatever they do," says his wife, Margaret.

Like the Canadian crew, the British trio obtained official permission before leaving Argentina's southern military ports and airfields. During their return flight to Buenos Aires, the crew was a stopover at the Port of the Grande, where they passed through inspectors at some aircraft on the tarmac. Then, a soldier arrested them and searched their film and notebooks. They were flown to Buenos Aires, kept incommunicado for three days and finally flown back to the southern town of Ushuaia, where they were charged with espionage and jailed. Argentine, eddy, has landed the British press with nearly more delay than it has afforded its own journalists, who run the risk of murder, torture or "disappearance" for writing facts. James Melton, former editor of the English-language Buenos Aires  *Herald*, led the country a week after a series of disturbing incidents. *Correspondent's* colleagues at another paper was found hanging from his neck above his typewriter. And Robert Cox, who edited the *Herald* for 10 years, was finally arrested in June 1980 after a death threat was sent to his 11-year-old son.

But recently, prominent journalists have banded together in both Canada and the United States to defend journalists from military and police oppression. The U.S. Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ), with such names as Walter Cronkite and Dan Rather on its board of directors, was founded a year ago to rescue endangered journalists. Their main tactic, intensive campaigns and diplomatic pressure, have often proven successful. The CPJ's counterpart in Canada is the Centre for Investigative Journalism. Brian McKenna, a CPJ's Irish editor producer who serves as co-ordinator of the Latin-American committee, says journalists are often ill-equipped for foreign assignments. They are used to going to a government spokesman for information, but the government spokesman may well be a murderer who has scored power by force of arms.

The media who have never asked battle since are a weary crew, hanging from the meekly freelance eager for his first scoop in the seasoned meekness who wades from war to war in the next looking for "bang-bang." Shewlow or opinion can be equally fatal. Tele-

sion has become the central pivot of the pressable war that some press any official conflict, and sometimes the camera is driven within lethal range of the action. During the 1992 Chinese coup, a Swedish cameraman literally fired his own cameras when a soldier shot him with an M-16. "There's this incredible thing that happens to cameramen," says McKenna. "They somehow believe that the world they see through that lens is not real."

While there can be no guarantee of safety in covering wars and revolutions, the inherent dangers are compounded as unstable regimes become convinced that the media are a politically crucial force that must be kept in line. "A lot of people have writings of

a journalist in a trench coat wandering around like a samurai," says McKenna. "But trench-coat journalism is dead."

Now that readers and impressionists are added to censorship, the remaining ranks of the intrepid reporter who, like James Bond, does not die, the steady camp, is captured and sealed out with an executive, no longer applies. A more appropriate image is suggested in *Macdonald's* Costa Gavras film that documents the disappearance and murder of a young American reporter who had the "luck" to stumble across evidence of U.S. involvement in the Chinese military coup. He becomes the modern image of a journalist who is eliminated—with a minimum of official outrage. ☐

Myer: Spanish lessons



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## LIVING

# Computers in the pines

While many youngsters study their guns for a few weeks of swimming or sailing at camp, a select but growing group of kids is looking forward to other challenges. They will learn not only how to J-stroke at start a fire, but also how to write and encode a computer program when they attend the latest form of summer retreat: computer camps.

Already a booming phenomenon in the United States, where a dozen have cropped up in the past two years, computer camps are catching on in Canada with the speed of a micro-chip. Three Ontario ventures, for example, will be offering sequences of programming and coding lessons for the first time this summer. And such institutions as the University of British Columbia and local school boards have recently started computer day camps to cater to the demand. Many young Canadians, however, will cross the border to attend one of the Connecticut-based Computer Camps International. Drivers of The Main Frame are also signing up for the Atari camps, which report that about 30 per cent of their inquiries come from Canada.

The move to install terminals in pre-kindled colours seems inevitable. Whether in suburban or in the house, computers are as commonplace today as TV sets were two decades ago. But more important, computers have become integral to this generation's job future, leading parents to pack their kids off for a head start on training.

Promising the latest in computer gadgetry, many camps provide an array of instruction. Software education starts as early as age five at Computer Camps International, where instructors teach all five computer languages. For the more sophisticated programmer, Camp Microsoft's Coding and Arts Centre, near Perry Sound, Ont., will allow any well-versed teenager to spend as much as six hours designing computer graphics or composing "computer" music. After two weeks of careful snuffing for \$798 at the Com-

puter Camp for Kids on Ontario's Lake Couchiching, a camp, drama director James Mackin, should be able to perform any programming feat.

The kids are generally driven to the entertainment by the machines, provide. When Stanley Fenderson was pursuing the *Powers* Star ads for camp, the 14-



year-old chose the one with terminals. "When I saw the computer camp ads I had written," he says, "I wanted to go to the camp that had everything." Franklin, Ont. 11, at Pickering, Ont., plans to spend most of his camp time at the video screen. "I think programming is really fun."

Some parents, though, worry that their children will become mesmerized by the flashing screens and never venture outdoors. Camp owners try to put those fears to rest. Says Mackin, who will encourage kids to hunt and hike: "We don't want to send these kids home while wet and sore."

Ever wary of fads, the more staid camps will likely resist the pull toward the software revolution. "I think we'd just stick to sailing," says Ken Rumbly, director of the 20-year-old Camp Allure in Haldimand, Ont. "A computer can't take the place of swimming and obstacle courses."

—JANE BODICE, with files from Stephanie Barber and Catherine Rodd.

## JUSTICE

# Prenatal child abuse

By John Masters

When Dora Jean was born last Dec. 20 at Vancouver General Hospital, she was on time, a little light and addicted to methadone. Her mother, Barbara McDonald, 38, a housewife for 18 years, had been on a 40-mg-a-day methadone maintenance program during her pregnancy. For the first several weeks of her life, Dora Jean suffered, by turns, from vomiting, twitching, explosive diarrhea, profuse sweating, a hoarse cough and inability to sleep. And in a precedent-setting case decided last month by the British Columbia Supreme Court, the provincial ministry of human resources was a supervisor order over the child by arguing that Dora Jean had been born abused. While the threat of potential abuse by the mother's common-law husband played an important role in winning the judgment, the president still holds Mrs. Barbara McDonald must share her baby and her home with a series of court-ordered social workers, nurses and health-care workers.

The decision, which puts to the way to a new arena of child abuse and custody disputes, marks only the second time in Canada a child has been ruled abused while in the womb. Last September, a Kenora, Ont., judge came to a similar conclusion in a case involving a child born with fetal alcohol syndrome. The mother had refused to stop drinking during her pregnancy despite a doctor's repeated requests and was drunk when the baby was born. Unlike fetal narcotic addiction, which apparently has no long-term effects once the infant is weaned from the drug, harm wrought by alcohol in the womb is permanent. The child may suffer brain damage and his facial features may be altered.

Until recently, child welfare authorities tended to follow an 1884 dictum that

said, "An unborn child has no existence as a human being separate from its mother. Therefore it may not recover for the wrongful conduct of another." While snipping short of considering an unborn child a being with its own rights, the two born-abused demands are clearly a step in that direction. Both have been made possible by recent revisions in the child welfare acts of Ontario and B.C., that now define a child simply as under a certain age, rather than specifying from birth to a certain age (16 in Ontario, 19 in B.C.). Meanwhile, in the United States, some children born with crippling mental or physical handicaps—of simply born unwanted—are being put to the right not to have been born.

The breadth of the problem is as yet unknown but could add thousands of children to the estimated 7,000 to 8,000 young child-abuse cases in Canada every year. In the two greatest areas of concern, narcotic addiction and fetal alcohol syndrome, few numbers are available. Dr. Sydney Siegel, Barbara McDonald's pediatrician and an expert in narcotic addiction in



Neparting: a legal affair

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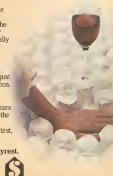
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Fetuses, says about 50 such babies were born at VGH last year—probably a high for Canada. Statistics for fetal alcohol syndrome are sketchy, says Seattle survey estimates the rate of occurrence at one in every 100 live births. That would translate to about 500 alcohol-abused babies born in Canada each year.

Concern about apprehending infants is running high in some quarters, especially at the expense of parents' rights. Bob Robson, president of the B.C. Civil Liberties Association, doubts anyone would contest abuse in obvious cases of alcoholic addiction or fetal alcohol syndrome. "The problem," he says, "is where the line should be drawn. With all the best intentions in the world, social workers are often somewhat overzealous in trying to protect their clients." Counters John Noble, B.C.'s deputy minister of human resources and superintendent of family and child services. "Social workers don't go looking for abused children."

With the parameters so vague, a pregnant mother may have legal reasons for refusing a second marriage or suffering through a headache without A&A. Ottawa lawyer Edward Keyserlingk, who in an article to be published this fall makes a case for the legal rights of the unborn, has already anticipated some of the potentially litigious maternal misdeeds. Those most likely to cause controversy are "excessive maternal smoking" (some say over two packs a day) and "excessive and careless continual use of over-the-counter drugs" (anything from menses-miskeners to cough syrup). Keyserlingk also cites such problems as a "low-protein diet" (which can cause mental deficiency) and "exposure of the unborn to the mother's infectious diseases." Women undergoing "continuous [maternal] stress" could also inadvertently be responsible for babies "born sickly and anxious." It's not inconceivable, he adds, that physicians and possibly even social workers could also be liable.

"The problem is serious," says Dr. David Smith, a VGH pediatrician who is involved in researching fetal alcohol syndrome, "but I think the way to deal with it is through public education rather than legal prosecution." But Keyserlingk goes so far as to propose legal mechanisms to "underline" the current emphasis on prenatal care for mothers.

The issue of rights for the unborn may also be swayed by the desire of many would-be participants in the debate to steer clear of the still-raging abortion controversy. And underscoring the problems of eager law reformers is Barbara McDonald. "I feel some children are in need of protection, but they're protecting the wrong children." ♦

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# American

# Curbing repeat caesareans

Kathy Quinsey looks forward even more keenly than most mothers to the birth of her second child in August. After having her son 39 months ago by caesarean section, Quinsey is hoping for a natural birth this time. Her caesarean, she says, left her feeling inadequate as a mother. "I knew

that natural childbirth will be better for both myself and the baby," Quinsey adds. "And I know that I can do it." Quinsey's desire to try for a natural delivery would seem unorthodox to most Canadian doctors. Their dilemma has been "once a caesarean, always a caesarean." However, a growing num-

ber of physicians now believe that more than half of the women who have had caesareans do not require repeat operations. So convinced is the Society of Obstetricians and Gynecologists of Canada that it has assigned a committee to establish guidelines for the selection of future caesarean mothers suitable for a trial labor. And, earlier this year, the Quinseys joined other Toronto parents to form an organization called Visc (Vaginal Birth After Caesarean). Its goal: to inform and support couples contemplating natural birth.

These developments come at a time when caesareans amount for approximately 20 per cent of all births. Repeat caesareans—not considered compulsory in Europe since the 1960s—now represent a third of these abdominal deliveries in North America. Warns Dr. Ray Gabor, a Toronto obstetrician: "If people are concerned about the numbers now, they are going to be even more concerned if we continue to do repeat caesareans."

When a second birth follows a caesarean, the most feared complication is the rupture of the uterus, which could threaten the lives of both mother and baby. The extent of the risk depends primarily on the type of incision made during the initial caesarean. A "classical" incision—a high, vertical cut through the uterus—poses too great a danger, doctors believe. The best candidates for VBACs have the more common type of scar—made in the lower segment of the uterus so as not to affect the major muscles that contract during labor. With this incision, the chance of tearing is less than one per cent.

In the few Canadian hospitals banding trial labors, the results have been encouraging. Dr. Victor Demasewicz, an obstetrician at McMaster University Medical Centre in Hamilton, Ont., found in a recent study that of 89 patients who had previously undergone surgical births, 50 gave birth vaginally. Even among mothers who had been advised that they were too small to accommodate the birth of their previous child, one-third had several births. This kind of news emboldens more parents to take the chance. "We are being bombarded with requests for clinical trials of labor," says Dr. James King, head of obstetrics at Grace Hospital in Vancouver.

But it is more the trauma of a past caesarean that the parents resist that prompts a decision for a trial labor. After the abdominal delivery of her first child, Kathi Davies of Toronto felt better and exhausted. When pregnant a second time, Davies sought out a sympathetic doctor who delivered her son normally five months ago. Says Davies: "A VBAC birth restores that feeling of wholeness, of being a complete woman."

—JANE BOUTEAU



Glad-wrapped slimmer at Shibley's, the latest fad in an angling quest

# A bevy of body wrappers

Swathed in Glad Wrap from neck to ankles, the woman on the table looks like a discomfited mummy. The place is Shibley's Head to Toe Beauty, a Toronto salon. And the woman is not ritual torture but a body wrap—the latest fad in the angling quest for an effortless way to slim down. The woman has been duly recorded with tape measures and managed with aloe vera cream. When the plastic is peeled away an hour later, her overall measurements are seven inches smaller.

The scene is re-enacted from Vancouver to Halifax as women, from the elite to the blue-collar, seek for body wraps to fit an ever-growing number of popular-ground salons catering mostly to working women and the post-30 baby-boom generation. Bathurst Jean McKay of Calgary's Changing From Size says: "We get women who have to lose 50 pounds and women who have to lose 30." In Toronto an estimated 40 salons now offer the treatment. At Shibley's, where rates are typical, the body-conscious haven's billed at paying \$350 for a series of 10 wraps. But if home-wrap manufacturers have their way, demand will not stop at the salons. Retailing at \$25 to \$40, two do-it-yourself kits recently debuted on drugstore shelves: Diana Collette's Control Crease, manufactured in Hamilton, Ont., by former hairdresser Marie Kennedy; and the U.S.-made Slimmer Kit, whose Toronto-based distributor, Barbara Sales, is projecting \$100,000 in retail sales this year. New Barbara Richardson, the To-

rontario distributor of The Body Wrap Crease, is advertising a Wrapology course and supplying graduates with her products. Two hundred dollars buy a year's worth of instructions. Says she: "The investment is an minimal compared to the money they can make." Richardson's next goal: Tupperware-style parties at which wraps will be sold like lettuce crates.

Most proponents are quick to stress that body wrapping reduces weight only temporarily. At Shibley's, for example, those seeking permanent transformations are advised to diet and exercise. But other entrepreneurs make bolder claims. "Lose three-to-seven inches this is not a temporary weight loss," proclaimed a recent ad in The Toronto Star. Two former promotions girls (the unnamed one is Suddely slender's four franchisee) training and body-wrap centres in the Toronto area, all opened within the past year. Pamphlets assure that the treatment compresses soft fat, and business moves briskly. The weekend sales alone reach 30 to 50 wrappings a week, reports operator Christa Cogle.

The proliferation of promotion notices in steering agencies is reminiscent of the treatment's brief but now-shed past. In the early '70s, a rapid invasion of franchisee body wrappers culminated in four convictions for misleading advertising and the demise of the sales—but not before some had reaped astronomical profits. The pioneer was Figure Magic, which hung up a shingle in Montreal in 1970. Two years later, Figure Magic



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frankness in the city numbered 24, and autists were on the way in Ottawa, Toronto, and Winnipeg. Between mid-1978 and 1982 the company declared revenues of \$1.5 million. Sigis André Rivlin of Québec's department of consumer and corporate affairs. "Somebody had a brilliant idea—selling magic."

Fears that magic is for sale once more have lately spurred investigations by provincial Consumer officials. The Alberta department of consumer and corporate affairs is preparing a suit against a Calgary-based franchise, having been alerted by a Winnipeg woman who last summer was told by a sales operator that the treatment would "dissolve fat." In Toronto, Ontario consumer and corporate affairs Regional Manager Jules Arvey dismisses no names but reports that the entire industry is under provincial scrutiny.

Meanwhile, one thing is clear: body wrapping does bring a temporary inch loss, and magic plays no part. The treatment works by reducing fluid retention. Doctors' scientific proponents' argument that exercise, combined with heat and massage, increases circulation and moves fluids into the bloodstream to be eliminated by the kidneys. "The layer of fat beneath the skin acts like a sponge," explains Dr. David Martin of the University of Manitoba's faculty of medicine, an adviser in the Alberta investigation. "Pressure expels fluid temporarily from the sponge."

Integral to body wrapping is the controversial cellulite theory. According to defenders, wrapping breaks down cellulite—the alleged accumulation of wastes and toxins trapped between the skin and the underlying tissues. Physicians, however, dismiss cellulite as a meaningless name for fat. In fact, Dr. Barbara Birchwood of Toronto's Women's College Hospital "Cellulite is not a medical term. It's a lay term that we treat." Both physicians and the federal government's health protection branch concur that body wrapping will not harm a healthy person, although it can pose a risk for some. Dr. Birchwood explains that in a diabetic whose glucose level is already higher than normal, fluid loss could increase the concentration of blood sugar. And, in a person with high blood pressure, the heat applied during body wrapping could conceivably lead to a stroke.

It remains to be seen whether or not such concerns will dissuade consumers. "I don't put much store in these sorts of things, but after, my thighs were much looser," admits Toronto bookkeeper Renee Collins, who was given a wrap as a birthday present. So keen is the desire for shapelier bodies that even a fasting tech loss is incentive enough for many. —KAREN HOSLEY



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## An industrial space race

By Catherine Rodd

**H**added in corporate research laboratories worldwide, groups of visionaries plotting a course toward the ultimate frontier. They seek to commercialize space, harnessing its gravity-free environment to make a variety of lucrative new products—from faster semiconductors to a potential cure for diabetes. And they base their efforts not on wild imagings but on a decade's worth of research by international space agencies into the power of weightless production. Space premiums release from such frontier problems as sedimentation. Earthbound scientists inevitably find that impurities linger in new compounds because gravity distorts imperfect bonding.

Now, international competition is accelerating as the space agencies prepare to thrust industry's projects into orbit. Through the European Space Agency, continental entrepreneurs are hoping to break the American monopoly as space fights with the Ariane rocket. West

Germany is losing interested competitors with the Soviets, and, in Japan, tests on the purification of metals and semiconductors are already being looked on as leading projects financed by the Japanese Space Development Agency.

For its part, the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) promises to launch the first extraterrestrial factories within five years. Its grand design rests on the space shuttle, specially constructed to carry small outposts of experiment—at corporate expense. Even before the returnable craft was finished, NASA was handling business prospects eager to put \$500 down payments on space in Columbia's hold (an additional \$200 would send an entire package into space). The fifth shuttle flight, in November, will house the first of these expensive "zero-gravity specials," and at least 500 companies are planning their own packages. Next month's shuttle flight will include the final tests of the equipment used to purifying pharma-



A zero-gravity experiment on Columbia

ceuticals. Frederic Enslin Weiss, an space consultant in St. Louis, Mo., "We'll still fully see products of space industrialization by the end of the decade."

The companies involved are hoping the results will pay for their investments into incremental profits. According to a 1979 study by Science Ap-

plications Inc., materials processing in space should yield gross revenues of \$80 billion by 2010. Says Larry Paulander, research engineer with John Deere and Co. in Moline, Ill.: "We think it makes good business sense."

Quick to agree are McDonnell Douglas and its partner, the Orbital Sciences of Johnson and Johnson. They plan to utilize a purification technique called electrophoresis to make a new line of drugs. Experiments in late June will attempt to extract pure insulin-producing beta cells from pulverized animal pancreases—a method impossible on Earth. The pure beta cells could then be returned to Earth, reproduced through genetic engineering and eventually used as a one-shot cure for diabetes. While McDonnell Douglas estimates that a marketable drug won't be ready before 1990, the company has invested more than \$2 million in the project.

It is not only corporate giants that are looking to space. Meneghetti Associates Ltd. of Miami, Fla., contends that zero-gravity creates ideal conditions for making the new galium arsenide crystal so prized by the computer industry. Without contamination and oxidation, a perfect crystal, touted as being nine times faster and six times more efficient than the existing silicon chip, can be formed. But the American company faces stiff competition from the Japanese, who are trading galium arsenide crystals in their markets.

Space also promises to be a vast laboratory for the further probing of weightlessness. Orb Corporation of San Diego, Calif., is currently developing a microgravity research facility to be launched by the mid-1980s. Orbiting Earth, the furnace will carry out metalurgical experiments for industry and universities alike. "It can lead to new products, which will bring new tax payments, which will serve more government in research," explains Orb's financial vice-president, Ronald Lott.

A potential customer for Orb's furnace might be the tractor company John Deere. While keeping its manufacturing strictly terrestrial, it has been using NASA's facilities to enhance its understanding of coal use. By measuring the way suspensions is absorbed into coal used in zero gravity, Deere engineers hope to discover why only 20 per cent is used. Learning to utilize 100 per cent will save the company millions. Notes Paulander: "We can adapt space technology to the way we do business on Earth."

Such companies as Deere and McDonnell Douglas, which see themselves in the forefront of the new space race, are prepared to invest millions of dollars. But because they expect government to absorb its share of the financial burden, it will likely be cost that determines the

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person: Could Jennings be the creation of a committee? The problem is a troubling sense of impersonality and a sameness of characterization. *Dominique* is always *Dominique*—never a totally convincing *Coverdoun*. Don Jost or Madison: Since there's little vulnerability and surprisingly little passion in the voice, it's easier to see that these novelists. Passerotti comes into his own, while a stallion is tremendously impressive, a caddy bear can melt the heart. A decade ago, *Dominique* or *Passerotti* would have been a classic critic, judged by peers, lovers only. Today, these two artists have a global arena. As long as they don't descend into genre-mockery to please the sponsors, may they both reign long and loud.

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Conducted by Wolfgang Sawallisch  
(Ampex/Capitol)

*Arabella* is a curious opera for Richard Strauss to have given the world in the year of Hitler's ascent to power. It's a spindly drawing-room comedy set in the Vienna of 1906, with just a whiff of sex as Strauss wryly romanticizes an



Flower-Dewaux a special empathy

eloquent world starting to go to seed. The mainline lyrical score—sampler music for orchestras—naïfs interminably from Strauss's habitual gurglesomeness, but it has freshness, intimacy and folk charm. In this stirring recording, Helen Donath as virtuous *Edmunda* surely steals the first act. But pride of place goes to Jaffe Varsady and Dietrich Fischer-Denkau, who are magnificent as *Arabella* and *Mandryka*. Both combine enchanting singing with remarkable acting ability. Husband and wife in real life, they bring special empathy to their opposite love match, so that when Strauss's twilight magic finally fades, we are left with a rich and poignant afterglow.

—JOHN PRINCE

## BOOKS

# In search of the shape within

**THE JOURNALS OF SYLVIA PLATH**  
Edited by Ted Hughes  
and Frances McDougall  
(Doubleday, \$31.95)

Sylvia Plath killed herself at the age of 36, and regardless of what she meant, if anything, by her death, readers will forever regard her novel, *The Bell Jar*, and her fierce, three-volume poetry in the light of that fact. That's not how the literary academics like it, but it seems to be human nature. Plath's death is such a cryptic signature to her work that we look for clues in her life to understand who she was.

So, despite the good scholarly reasons for poring through *The Journals of Sylvia Plath*, covering the years 1950 to 1962 (a year before she died), most of us are looking for what only diaries can deliver: secrets in a poet as devoted as Plath was to unearthing her own secrets. This is no morbid preoccupation, and she comes across in her notebooks with wondrous clarity.

In her formal writing Plath struggled constantly with self-consciousness and her desire to please a certain audience (the sometimes dressed in New Yorker typewritten). But in her journals she is all vulnerability, not only as the writer's loss of the world here, but so is the fearful '50s woman driven to be everything to everyone. Plath's delighted vision of her future self, as she seconded into marriage with poet Ted Hughes, was "Booked & Banned & Banned." She managed all three, but in her own mind she was always falling short. Her private writing is one long ache of self-recrimination between bursts of radiant well-being and paralyzing depression. Plath always felt on the threshold of her own "deep self"; the ones she loved to write from, and her inability to either shut the door or enter that room, at least during those years, stamps everything she writes with the suspense of yearning. It's a hard book to put down for this reason.

What are really satisfying are the long editorial asides that fill over three pages. First, Hughes tells us how he destroyed her last notebook because he didn't want their children to read it. Then, Plath's mother steps in at notebook with a signed release as a preface to a section that is hostile toward her. And the general editor, Frances McDougall, has spread no certain "intoxicants" that "have the effect of diminishing

facial note (although he has never read) "I love too much, too deeply for any dreamer. Use imagination. Write and work to please. No criticism or nagging (Omission) He is a genius. I know it." She could be unburied by using her husband with another woman and changed in the degree by the success of a pair. Despite all this, her journals radiate a huge health, an energy that she kept burning into the sort of writer and woman suggested, that she ought to be.



Hughes and Plath: bursts of radiant wellbeing and periodic depression

ing Plath's erudition, which was quite young. We'll have to take her word for it, because what she gives us instead are passages interrupted by the usual "omission." But apart from protecting real people from damaging remarks, there is no need to protect the reader from Plath herself. The decision to publish her journals should respect her contradictory selves, instead, the editing makes us feel that Plath's husband, mother and editor are peering over our shoulders as we read, much the way Plath hallucinated them peering over hers as she wrote.

Plath was her own stern editor, who saw her problems clearly. "I have a good self that loves dance, hills, dawn, tasty meals, bright colors. My demon would murder this self by demanding that it be a paragon." Her urge to be perfect was based in by an equally strong fear of failure. "My worst habit is my fear and my destructive rationalizing." Elsewhere she strikes a different, more col-

oristic, as she climbs away in search of the shape within. In some ways these journals give a vision to feelings many women must have had, undergoing the sea change of marriage in the '50s. Part of Plath's gift is her legacy to something in her that was surreal, concrete, female, and yet original. She has married that self to a feminism in her poems, but in her journals she is her whole self, a large-bodied girl, naked in the world.

Plath once wrote a dream about Marilyn Monroe, who gave her an "expert measure." It's easy to associate these two women, who in their vastly different ways pursued love and recognition with an intensity greater than the odds they assumed. Both projected a desire to become someone else, except that Monroe accumulated layers of inanity and lost herself in live into, the blond outline and Plath kept trying to shed those layers—to get from the "golden girl" down to the "deep self" and back again.

—MARTIN JOHNSON



# The Alternative.

## Culture shock in the colonies

FOREIGN BODIES  
By Rachel Wyatt  
(Toronto, paper, \$4.95)

First impressions: "What Toronto may be in winter, I cannot tell, they say it is a pretty place. At present its appearance is fine, a stranger, is most strangely mixed and malodorous." When Anna Brewster Jameson, English gentlewoman and Missionsist, followed her husband to Upper Canada in the mid-1840s, Toronto did not welcome her. "I did not expect much," she wrote, "but for this I was not prepared." The years may pass, though initial reactions need not change. When Ned and Alberta Bolter, six middle-aged English couple in Foreign Bodies, have settled, more or less, into their suburban Toronto digs, a bearded Emma wanders. "It is going to be like this then!" Like Mrs. Jameson, Emma is just not prepared.

She is not prepared for policemen who wear pinstriped uniforms that have "bromo" written on them and the anxiety of seeing a credit card in big department stores. She also resents having thrown up her career so that Ned can take his Toronto suburban and complete the annual issue on men relations that has occupied him for 13 years. Her husband is equally at sea. In his case, a sense of displacement is aggravated by the discovery that his position at something called the Institute of Imperial Relations is mainly a public relations play intended to attract government funds.

Inspiring added strains as their domestic arrangements are a disaster

Wyatt runs the risk of sitcom stereotypes



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who turns up at their doorstep unannounced, having returned from a San Francisco voyage, a ready English poet with a pen for Nod, and Weston, a Pakistani lodger in their house who has a habit of turning up and disappearing in the most unexpected ways.

At one point, having persuaded Krasets to join him in a tryout on a Niagara Falls musical, the poet somewhat charitably suggests she try the television and see if they can catch *Dr. Who*. The episode is likely to be out of date, she tells him. "It's all we get, love," replies the poet. "Out-of-date episodes. Life here is one long out-of-date episode." Wynt, who is most successful when suggesting the ridiculous changes of emotion that can occur at any given moment in a man-woman relationship, runs the risk of serious staleness herself.

Her characters—particularly such secondary ones as the hippie daughter, the perceptive institute director, an avid suburban nazi—seem undermanned in terms of personal detail. Too often idiosyncratic precision seems foreign to *Foreign Bodies*. Then, the discoidal stunts of Nod and Krasets appear more than a trifle forced while the comic scenes of their culture shock sound more like they just occurred. *Foreign Bodies* seems less a novel than an extended short story. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but it can also diminish with harsh clarity narrative convenience. —JOHN LEWIS BROWN

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## The eye on the muddle

WRONG IS RIGHT

Directed by Richard Brooks

**I**f Richard Brooks's *Wrong Is Right* had pulled off half of what it attempted to, it would have been a success. As it stands, the movie, which tries to cross *Dr. Strangelove* with *The Parallax View* and *Three Days of the Condor*, bags very little. *Wrong Is Right* wants to say something about anything going wrong, terrorism, the omnipotence of television, the ethics of journalism, the threat of nuclear war, electronic surveillance, the ghost of Watergate, Iran, the day-mindedness of government bureaucracy and the cult of celebrity, among other things.

It's a mouthful. Lead it guides the tale. Richard Brooks (*Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, *In Cold Blood*) has a quick, hard-edged style that in the past has been well-suited to straightforward thrillers and shoot-'em-ups. In *Wrong Is Right*, he handles the permeation of plot with assurance and precision. After a CIA agent posing as a journalist (Katharine Ross) is killed in a small



Conspiracy: benevolent force to horror

North African country flits risk with oil, events acquire both complexity and velocity. The country's regime shifts its allegiance by the CIA, and a nut-case terrorist takes charge. Soon the United

States is held hostage by his threat that unless the current president (George Grizzard) resigns he will level New York with two atom bombs. The focus of the film stays mainly on Patrick Hale, a supervisor TV journalist played by Sessie Cammy with his usual verve and laconic humor. Hale watches these world-shaking occurrences, with him assessed at first, than horror. Throughout, the power of TV is godlike (the terrorists will grant interviews only to television) and the second means is violence.

As a writer, Brooks is smart but never subtle. His blunt tracks about TV guide somewhat following the unclear but leader harangues on the subject by Paddy Chayefsky at *Network*. The black nuclear-comedy skills involving the health-rich-freak president and the going-to-God Womack (Robert Guard) are ingeniously staid after *Strangelove*. Brooks's script is a compendium of complaints, watching the movie is like being cornered by someone in a bar telling you what he thinks is wrong with the world. (If Brooks wants to paint a picture of government as an absurdity, modern-day version of a Dark Ages ruling class, then why does he have Rosalind Wiseman as a black female vice-president? He couldn't be more radically progressive—ask her to make her a lesbian and a Jehovah's Witness as well.)

To give Brooks his due, he handles



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actors defile. All the performances are acutely registered, including Hardy Kruger as a vicious, smacking arena dealer and G.D. Spharlin as the cool and somewhat ambivalent head of the CIA. But they don't send us out of the theatre scared—or laughing with catharsis on our throats. *When Is Night* is black without being bleak, bolding in without saying much that's either new or even excitingly familiar. —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

## Trying to sell a used stereotype

**PARTNERS**  
Directed by James Burrows

The ad for *Partners* shows Ryan O'Neal as a cop placing a gun in his hand and John Hurt with a hair dryer in his. The cop underneath reads that O'Neal wants to clean up the streets while Hurt, the homosexual, mainly wants to redecorate. So there you have it, even before the movie starts in theatres, two rock stereotypes about homosexuals have been shaved out—they're either hardass cops or interior decorators. Among the people of *Manhattan*, *Partners* seems to be a halfway decent idea: the gay community of L.A., then's hardly a recognizable



Not just, O'Neal's hitman force

able homosexual, we just get screaming quotes and mannequins. Look, the clubs are lost on some members of the audience, the color pink predominates, from jagging suits to automobiles.

The writer of *Partners*, Francis Veber, was responsible for the play *Sex*, which the sweet and stonewall Studly, Buddy was based. *Partners* is the same

kind of Justin Tave, content to look in its previous two episodes stuck together by circumstance, with one driving the other nuts. Except the premise is all wrong. The pathetic character played by Hurt, a clerk who is not attractive and not even out of the closet, is chosen by the police department as its way to confront the gay community. This is absurd, the straight cop, the pretty boy, is naturally nervous about his assignment. Surely it would have made more sense if the homosexual was the gorgeous one.

When O'Neal and Hurt set up their deep domestic situation they become the odd couple—O'Neal and a "big" Felix. What homosexuals aspire to, you see, is not sex and outrageous behavior after all they simply want to bake cakes and make sure man (straight or gay, it doesn't seem to matter here) happy. As embodied by Hurt, a wonderful actor doing the best he can with rotten material, homosexuals are sensitive losers and often subject to highly emotional stress. As Hurt runs around in a tag trying to convince the police that O'Neal is in danger, a policeman comments, "It must be that time of the month." At the eleventh-hour guess screening held by Paramount Pictures, that line was actually greeted by boos and hisses, and every one of them absolutely deserved. —L. O'T.

## FILMS

### Strong like bull, red like abattoir



*Schindler's List*, a movie's bloodbath

**SCHINDLER'S LIST**  
Directed by John Amos

Swords snap into the eye of its camera, lopping off heads and limbs along the way. It's like a slice through *Schindler's List*. The scenes in the color of an abattoir. Conan the Barbarian is a bloodbath of a movie that backs its way to the dark chamber of the heart. Adapted from the memoirs of a character created by Robert S. Howard, who narrated the series in 1986, at age 30, Conan gives macho man Arnold Schwarzenegger the opportunity to strike a number of he-man poses, and a girlfriend (Sandrine Bergman) who could give Verdi to conserve skin. Not since *Conan the Barbarian* has a single screen been the venue for so many biceps and ripping veins. The attention is not at all casual. Conan introduces a new genre, the disco of violence.

The director, John Amos, who represents the grunting and belching script with Oliver Stone, has already identified himself as the monarch of *Conan the Barbarian* and *The Wind and the Lion*. Opening with an appropriately fantastic scene of Nietzsche, Conan proceeds to tell its audience that col-

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ing can be trusted in the world other than the power of sight and then supplies as many graphic examples as it can. Next, the movie itself's messages, should pump iron and fight; women are either sluts or childbearers and should be loyal to their death.

Playing the parasite as *Anders of the Lost Ark*, *Excalibur* and the *Star Wars* saga, *Conan* acts in long-haired, horned, feral, feline and Valkyrie garbified off as a neo-Wagnerian quest for vengeance for the slaughter of *Conan's* parents (which opens the movie in glorious blood and guts). The object of pursuit is Thulsa Doom (James Earl Jones in a bored but nonetheless witty turn), the family's killer who has started a slave cult. His analysts trope around in white, bearing furs and chanting, like a group of medieval Monks.

This is where (if one can possibly forget all the frightening carnage) *Conan* becomes an outrageous camp classic along the lines of the absolutely hilarious *Conan the Barbarian* of 1982. There are times in *Conan* that reflect an older state of matrimony: "Let us take the world by the throat and make it give us what we desire" and "Let me breathe my last breath into your mouth." Schwarzenegger's effort of "Did you see me?" in an Australian desert is also worth the price of admission.

But the laughter is *Conan*, however hearty, is always hollow. After two hours of bang and clang, the viewer will be drawn to the edge of his seat—like a lemming to the edge of a cliff.—L. OTT

*James Earl Jones as a slave cult*



## DANCE

# A flight of fantasy and romance

As the Royal Winnipeg Ballet prepared for world premiere of *Conan the Barbarian's* first week, there was an eerie synchronicity surrounding the production. Normally, the last-minute changes in lighting and costumes and a distressingly vague rehearsal would be stomach-churning for all involved. Instead, a magical calm descended like a large protective cloud over the entire production. Fueled by a confidence born out of the company's recent critical acclaim and consistently sold-out houses, the company performed so well on opening night that the Winnipeg audience was on its feet for five minutes to cheer the new production.

The enthusiasm was well deserved. The romantic fantasy and renaissance-inspired sets by Toronto designer André Janosz, and impressionistic lighting by Tony Tatum provided a vibrant visual impact that belied the production's barebones budget of \$70,000. But more important was the dance and acting score of Evelyn Hart, who set a new standard for the often-trifling libretto role in a crisp, fast-paced ballet and red body stocking.

Hart carried the libretto into the surrealistic realm of the *Dead Queen*. Both her and women were suggested in a single set of choreographic poses.

For choreographer Nelzoda, the action was the realization of a 16-year dream to do a romantic story ballet version of the popular and frequently re-choreographed ballet. Initially, he wanted to produce it for his own celebrated but defunct Ballet International in Caracas. But he knew his company could never afford the fairyland sets and costumes he needed to fit Stravinsky's 45-minute score. Nelzoda's desire to return to the old romantic conception proved a tendency toward modern abstraction in the work. Typical in the 1970s Ballet version (now in the repertoire of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens), which is so devoted to the story that it



Hart and Wilson reversing the liquid toward abstraction

appears to be merely an excuse to use the brilliant music.

As in *Diaghilev's* original 1910 version, Nelzoda focuses on a private boy, Ivan, who captures a fiery spirit, the firebird. She helps him destroy an evil magician by finding and destroying a magic egg that contains the magician's

## Evelyn Hart's tour de force of dancing and acting, with fairyland costumes, make 'Firebird' a triumph

power. Nelzoda, however, also includes an additional quest in a surrealistic garden provided by a gang of three-headed gila monsters. Ivan releases a beautiful princess and a squadron of bird droppings.

This subject creates confusion. The combination of Nelzoda's obvious enthusiasm and Hart's dynamic talent overemphasizes the erotic relationship between Ivan and the firebird. The blurring goes on in dances between Zane Wilson (as Ivan) and Hart early in the ballet

cannot be matched by anything that follows. Hart transforms Ivan into a twirly little spirit with red puffed lips into a half-vampire who quickly comprehends and manipulates the evil eye. By the result, the love shift of Ivan's attention to the beautiful but maliciously plotted princess (dances an opening night by Susan Brown) is disappointing. After Hart's final exit, when the firebird completes a crashing solo and then hovers toward on Superman-style go-go spins, the ballet suffers a choreographic flat line. Though successful, the princess just isn't there beneath the after-image of her exotic form.

The devil looked also overemphasized the other roles. Compared with her commanding spirit, Ivan and the gila monster, Ivan is choreographed to flounder about in confusion as he anticipates each new spirit or monster coming through the enchanted garden. The evil figure—the tormented magician (André Lewis, his wife (Barb Sliger) and the gang of gila monsters left by a female's surprise (Paul Gagliardi)—are weakened by short and unconvincing appearances. Their dramatic function is further hampered by the exotic alien of their costumes, which makes them appear more comic than sinister. The choreography breaks the good-end, intense and spits the necessary sense of release when Ivan breaks the egg, making way for the evil magician.

In spite of the problems, Nelzoda's *Firebird* is a triumph. It is a rare instance in which the elements—choreography, design, lighting and dancing—create a larger whole than the sum of the parts. More important is the way Nelzoda has used traditional roles and dramatic devices—the questing hero, trapped under a magician's evil dry eye mist—with boyish conviction. His *Firebird* suggests a new direction in choreography carrying out of contemporary dance instead of slavish imitation, Nelzoda gives us a reversion of the old.

—JOHN AYER



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